

# THE MONTH

## A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 479 (NEW SERIES 89) MAY, 1904

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## *The Irish Origins of our Lady's Conception Feast.*

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WE live in an age of centenaries and it was only to be expected that the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception would not be allowed to pass unhonoured. Apart from the spiritual favours of the Jubilee Indulgence which has been granted by our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., to the world at large, a special Congress, already commonly identified with the title "*Immaculata*,"<sup>1</sup> will be held at Rome in the late autumn of this year. Thither it is confidently hoped that pilgrims will gather, while essays will be read, discussions carried on and an ecclesiastical exhibition opened of objects of art connected with the veneration of our Lady. The primary object of the Congress is no doubt to stimulate the devotion of the faithful in the present and future, but the idea of further research into the evidences of the past is not by any means excluded. Already some valuable contributions have been made to the historical aspects of the subject, and a much more extensive literature will probably see the light before the month of December is upon us. In all that is done we may take it for granted that France, the nation especially favoured by the apparition of Lourdes—*je suis l'Immaculée Conception* were the words heard by Bernadette, March 25th, 1858—will play the leading part. We understand in fact that a comprehensive scheme of research has already been elaborated by certain French scholars, and from this co-operation valuable results may be expected. In comparison with what has thus been set on foot by our neighbours our contribution to the subject must be a very humble one. But small as it is, we wish to add one pebble to the cairn, if it be only to show that we in England are not indifferent to a devotion which our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were the first to propagate in the West.

<sup>1</sup> The *Immaculata* is seemingly the name of the Roman association or club to which the organization of the Congress has been confided.

We say advisedly "the first to propagate in the West," in spite of our full advertence to what is implied in the heading of this article. From whatever source the original suggestion may have come, it was in England that the commemoration of our Lady's Conception first assumed a practical shape in any Western liturgy. From the stage of a mere unnoticed entry in the calendar it was raised in England to the grade of a festival upon which the Holy Sacrifice was offered with special prayers appropriate to the day. Moreover, though certain Oriental churches from the seventh or eighth century onwards observed some such commemoration—most commonly on December the 9th—it was to the apocryphal story of St. Anne and St. Joachim rather than to their holy child, Mary, that attention was primarily directed. In England these apocryphal elements, though prominent at first, were eventually laid aside. Before the festival extended to other countries, it was practically identified with that privilege of exemption from original sin which the Church now honours under the title of our Lady's Immaculate Conception. No one, we think, who fairly examines the evidence adduced by Mr. Edmund Bishop in the *Downside Review* for 1886, can feel any doubt that the feast as we know it took its rise upon English soil. Whether the researches at present being undertaken will result in the discovery of any substantially new materials we cannot of course say, but so far Mr. Bishop's article must be regarded as representing not only the first but the last word on the subject. Moreover, his conclusions have been accepted without dispute by the most competent of continental scholars.<sup>1</sup> It would not be easy to exaggerate the service he has rendered in all this discussion.

But while Mr. Bishop's researches have thrown a flood of light upon the whole subject and have embraced all that is of most practical importance, we do not think that he has drawn attention to the earliest traces of a Conception feast of our Lady which are to be found in Western Europe. The Anglo-Saxon calendars and benedictionals to which he appeals are none of them of older date than the year 1025 or thereabouts, and there is some tolerably strong negative evidence which seems to render it unlikely that the age of St. Ethelwold of Winchester,

<sup>1</sup> I may refer in particular to the excellent article of M. l'Abbé Vacandard, the author of the *Life of St. Bernard*, in the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, Jan. 1897. It is entitled "Les Origines de la fête de la Conception dans le diocèse de Rouen et en Angleterre." See also Père Le Bachelet, S.J., *L'Immaculée Conception* (1903), Part II. p. 20; and Dom B. Wolff in *Studien und Mittheilungen*, 1886, ii. p. 108.

who died in 984, can be credited with the introduction of the new feast. If the feast is found in some Winchester calendars and benedictionals of the eleventh century, it is equally conspicuous by its absence in other Winchester books of very slightly older date. The Missal known as that of Robert of Jumièges contains the feast of St. Ethelwold himself, but not that of our Lady's Conception. Similarly the Conception feast is not mentioned in the Benedictional of Archbishop Robert or in that of St. Ethelwold, and there is no reference to it in the Winchester Troper. Most of these books are of about the year 1000, and might be expected to take notice of the innovation if it had been introduced at an earlier period than the beginning of the eleventh century, for Mr. Bishop maintains with some confidence that the influences which mainly helped to propagate the new feast must be traced either to the New Minster or the Old Minster of the cathedral city of St. Ethelwold.

But there is one codex containing an allusion to the Conception of the Blessed Virgin which is distinctly earlier than any of those we have mentioned. It has been commonly supposed that the book belonged to King Athelstan († 940), and the chief librarian of the British Museum, while stating that no adequate evidence for this assumption is now known to us, admits that there is no intrinsic reason why the attribution should not be correct. To judge by the penmanship the metrical calendar which forms the first portion of this manuscript belongs to the earlier half of the tenth century.<sup>1</sup> The latest entry which it contains is a mention of the death of King Alfred (901), on October 26th, in the following form :

*Ælfred rex obiit septenis et quoque Amandus.*

King Alfred died on the seventh (day before the calends) and Amandus also.

From the fact that in this and many other instances another early copy of the calendar exhibits a different name in place of the Saxon commemoration, the name being in every case that of an older and less local saint, it seems highly probable that these Saxon commemorations are themselves substitutions replacing an older original. In the present case (in MS. Julius, A. vi.) we find instead of Alfred :

*Maximianus obiit septenis et quoque Amandus,*

<sup>1</sup> Cotton, Galba, A. xviii. Other copies of the same Calendar are found in MS. Julius, A. vi.; and Tiberius, B. v.

and this we may take to be the primitive reading of the line, although the Hieronymian Martyrology gives us no Maximianus for this day, but only Marianus. No one who knows the transformations to which such names are subject will find any difficulty in believing that the compiler of the metrical calendar found Maximianus in the text before him. In any case the fact remains that one of the three known copies of the document exhibits here, as in many other places, what is in all probability an older reading than the Anglo-Saxon reference to King Alfred, and that this older reading very probably belongs to the ninth century or even to the century before it.<sup>1</sup>

But the important point for our present inquiry is that here in this metrical calendar, which may thus be reasonably referred to the time of Alfred the Great, we meet the first traces of a commemoration of our Lady's Conception. It is not indeed given under the 8th or 9th of December, but at a quite different period of the year. None the less the record itself offers no ambiguity. Opposite the second day of May, or according to the Roman manner of reckoning, the sixth day before the Ides of May, we find the following entry :

*Concipitur virgo Maria cognomine<sup>2</sup> senis.*

On the sixth (before the Ides) the Virgin who bears the name of Mary is conceived.

This line is found in all the three extant copies of the calendar, the only variation being that in MS. Julius A. vi. *commine* is written instead of *cognomine*, a change which merely adds to the difficulties of the scansion. In Hampson's *Calendarium*, where MS. Galba is printed, the reader is led to infer that the line *Concipitur virgo*, &c. is illegible. This, however, must be due to some accidental error; for in the manuscript itself the words are perfectly clear; while the unanimity of the three extant texts assures us with all reason-

<sup>1</sup> The fashion of writing these metrical calendars both in Latin and in the vernacular undoubtedly became very prevalent in the eighth and ninth centuries. Bede himself seems probably to have composed something of the sort. Many lines in the shorter metrical martyrology attributed to him may be found in the Calendar of the Sacramentary of Amiens (See Delisle, *Mémoire sur les Anciens Sacramentaires*, pp. 325, seq.) of the ninth century. One line, that for June 10th, "Inque suis quadris Barnābam idibus æquat," appears in our calendar, Galba, A. xviii. and in the other two copies at the British Museum, as well as in the Amiens Sacramentary.

<sup>2</sup> Many evident metrical licenses are to be found in these hexameters. Here the first syllable of *Maria* is treated as long, and the first syllable of *cognomen*, presumably as a vowel before a mute and a liquid, is made short.

able certainty that the commemoration appears in that form and in that order which the compiler originally intended.

But the question immediately occurs: Where did this metrical calendar first take shape? Can we trace it any further than the supposed connection of MS. Galba, A. xviii. with our Saxon monarch, King Athelstan? It did not need a very extended examination of the text or a very profound acquaintance with Celtic hagiography to suggest that over and above the indications of its Anglo-Saxon provenance the calendar exhibited the most unmistakable signs of the influence of an Irish prototype. To take a single illustration, we find the following entry assigned in MS. Galba, A. xviii. for the last day of January:

*Ast iani fines sigat aed famina ferna.*

It was perhaps pardonable that Mr. Hampson should pronounce this line to be unintelligible, but an examination of Celtic calendars and one or two very slight alterations in spelling make the meaning plain enough. The verse should probably read:

*Ast Jani fines signat Æd famine Ferna.*<sup>1</sup>

But Æd of Ferns marks with his spell the end of January.

The reference is to the famous St. Aidan or Madoc, Bishop of Ferns, whose festival in all Irish martyrologies is assigned to this day. In the Martyrology of Gorman, for instance, he is called Mhædócc, but the Irish gloss adds that "his first name was Æd," and in the Irish Féilire of Oengus, under the same date of January 31st, he is called simply Æd. In non-Irish documents and even in the Scottish *Calendarium Drummondense* the name is always Latinized. Thus in this last calendar the feast is entered as "Natale Sancti Ædæ." Æd is in fact the peculiarly Irish form of this polymorphic name.<sup>2</sup> What is more, the somewhat rare word *famen* (gen. *famini's*) was rather a favourite with Irish writers of the ninth and tenth centuries. *Hisperica Famina* seems to have been the title of a famous

<sup>1</sup> For metrical considerations we ought perhaps to prefer:

*Ast Jani fines signant Æd famina Ferna,*

where Æd may be treated as the genitive of an indeclinable substantive.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop A. P. Forbes, *Calendars of Scottish Saints* (p. 403), says under the heading Modoc: "This is the great St. Ædan of Ferns, so celebrated in the hagiology of Ireland and Wales. . . . The simple form of his name is Aedh (Aeda, Aidus, Aiduus, Ædeus, Edus, Hugh); with the diminutive it is Aedhan (Aedan, Aedanus, Aidanus, Edanus); with the honorific prefix it is Moedoc (Modocus, Maidocus, Maidoc, Madock, Madoes, Mogue)."

rhythmic treatise of Celtic origin which was printed by Mai, and is to be found in Migne's *Patrology*.<sup>1</sup> From these and similar considerations it was easy to reach the conclusion that Irish influences predominated in the document, and we were fain to be content with this result, when a reference in the *Martyrology of Gorman*, published by the Henry Bradshaw Society, directed our attention to a letter in *The Academy*<sup>2</sup> concerning this very calendar of MS. Galba, A. xviii. The writer, Dr. Whitley Stokes, who is one of the most famous Celtic specialists of our times, speaks with much authority, and after a careful examination of the calendar in question he has come, as he explains, to the conclusion that this portion of the manuscript "was written by an Irishman in the ninth century or thereabouts." One of the arguments upon which this opinion was based provoked a reply from a distinguished student of mediæval Latin, and must probably be given up,<sup>3</sup> but the other points made by Dr. Stokes are sound enough, and he has apparently seen no reason subsequently to modify his original impression. In the first place the script appears to him to be "old Irish rather than Anglo-Saxon."<sup>4</sup> Secondly, he says, "the large numbers of commemorations of Irish saints, and the accuracy with which the names are spelt, point to an Irish origin"—an argument which Dr. Stokes supports by a detailed examination of the ten most distinctively Irish entries. In these, besides the mention of St. Madoc already noted, we find the names of such saints as Fintan, Coemgen, Comgan, Mactail, and Maelruain, which are certainly of rare occurrence in purely English calendars. Moreover, the learned professor contends that the Saxon names are less accurately written than the Irish, and exhibit blunders which no native Saxon could have made. Finally, after a perhaps mistaken insistence upon inferences drawn from certain forms of Latin spelling, Dr. Stokes concludes:

But the most conclusive proof that we have here to do with an Irish author is the form in which the name Matthias appears in his work. At February 24 (St. Matthias' day), we find

Quadrantum sedes Mathiano congruit almo.

<sup>1</sup> See Henry Bradshaw, *Collected Papers*, p. 463.

<sup>2</sup> June 29th, 1895.

<sup>3</sup> This is the question of Latin spelling. See Mr. Hessels' letter in *The Academy*, July 6th, 1895.

<sup>4</sup> On the other hand, in the *Catalogue of Ancient Manuscripts at the British Museum* (Part II. p. 12), Sir E. Maunde Thompson and Mr. Warner describe this calendar as "written in Saxon minuscules of the tenth century."



Here we have the dative singular of *Mathianus*, a latinization of the Irish *Mathián*, or *Madián*, where the diminutival suffix *-án* is added, hypocoristicè, to the name of the Apostle who took the place of Judas. (John xii. 6, Acts i. 26.)

But supposing, it will be objected, the Irish origin of the calendar in Galba, A. xviii. to be fully proved, we cannot assume, without further evidence, that this particular feature of the commemoration of our Lady's Conception on the 2nd of May is derived from Irish sources. There is so much force in this objection, that it would hardly be worth while to trouble the reader with all these details, if the three metrical calendars of the British Museum had stood entirely alone in their mention of the feast. The allusion might have been regarded in that case as an isolated freak of fancy on the part of the compiler of the common original, a freak destitute of all practical bearing on the devotion of the faithful. But this does not quite represent the actual state of the case. There *are* certain fragments of confirmatory evidence, and these appear just where we might expect to find them, *i.e.*, among the entries of the earliest Irish calendars preserved to us.

In the versified menology called the Calendar of Oengus, which Dr. Whitley Stokes, from linguistic and other considerations, considers to have been compiled in the second half of the tenth century, we meet, not indeed upon the 2nd, but upon the 3rd of May, the following entry :

*Feil mar Maire uage.*

The great feast of Mary the Virgin.<sup>1</sup>

This entry does not stand first among the items assigned to that date. As our readers will hardly need to be told, May 3rd is the festival of the "Invention" of the Cross, and accordingly we find in the Calendar of Oengus, that the first place is assigned to

The first finding of the wood of  
Christ's cross with many virtues.

But what is still more interesting, in the lower margin of the "Lebar Brecc," one of the most important extant manuscripts of Oengus, we find the following Latin note :

*Feil mar muire et reliqua, i.e., hæc inceptio eius, ut alii putant—sed in februo mense vel in martio facta est illa, quia post vii menses nata est, ut innarratur—vel quælibet alia feria eius.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.* Irish Manuscript Series. Vol. i. Calendar of Oengus, by Dr. Whitley Stokes, p. lxxviii.

<sup>2</sup> L.c. p. lxxiv. Dr. Stokes prints the MS. as it stands without punctuation. We have supplied this last to make the meaning more readily intelligible.



"Mary's great feast," &c. That is to say, this, as some think, is the day of her conception—but that event took place rather in the month of February or March, because it is related that she was a seven months' child—or else any other feast of hers.

The reader cannot fail to observe that the author of this gloss—which is notably later than the Irish text of the martyrology—was evidently familiar with some tradition connecting our Lady's Conception with this date. He does not approve it, and argues against it on the curious ground that the Blessed Virgin was born seven months after her conception. From what source he derived this idea is not certainly known to us. Probably he was familiar with some special variant reading of the apocryphal gospel of St. James, the so-called *Protevangelium*; for, as Tischendorf's collation shows,<sup>1</sup> in several manuscripts there is a difference of reading in the time-note regarding the birth of Mary; and while some texts give "and her months were fulfilled, and in the ninth month Anna brought forth," others read seventh or sixth month. Hence the author of the note, assuming that our Lady's birth took place on September 8th, when the feast of her Nativity is kept, argues that her Conception day should fall in February or March. The important point, however, is that the Irish text of Oengus gives no hint of the nature of the commemoration. He simply mentions on May 3rd "Mary's great feast." The annotator must consequently have derived his idea that this was her Conception from some independent source. There is nothing in the period of four months and five days, which intervene between May 3rd and September 8th, to suggest anything of the kind.

Whether we possess a fourth testimony to the existence of this Irish Conception-feast, distinct from the group of metrical calendars, the martyrology of Oengus, and the annotator of the same, does not seem quite certain. But, in any case, a casual notice found among the *Prætermissi* of the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*, on May 3rd, deserves careful attention. It runs thus:

*Mariæ Virginis Conceptio celebratur in Martyrologio Tam-lactensi.*

The Conception of the Virgin Mary is commemorated (on this day) in the Martyrologium of Tallaght.

It might perhaps have been supposed that the Bollandists were confusing the *Féilire of Oengus* with the Martyrolo-

<sup>1</sup> Tischendorf, *Evangelia Apocrypha*, p. 11.

gium of Tallaght; for Oengus the Culdee, to whom the *Félire* is traditionally ascribed, is believed to have joined the community of Tamlacht (Tallaght). But the two works are entirely distinct, and though unfortunately, the Martyrology of Tallaght has never been adequately edited,<sup>1</sup> the facsimile reproduction of the famous *Book of Leinster* has established beyond doubt the accuracy of the Bollandist statement. The Martyrology of Tallaght is said by the later martyrologist Gorman to have been the source from which Oengus derived the materials for his *Félire*. Its composition, as Colgan has pointed out, may with some confidence be assigned to about the year 900.<sup>2</sup> Be this as it may, on p. 360 of the *Book of Leinster* facsimile, we find the following entry:

V Nonas (Maías)  
Crucis Christi Inventio.  
Mariæ Virginis Conceptio.  
Eventii, Teodoli, Ambrosii,  
Rufinæ, Muscæ, Saturnini, &c.

This entry speaks for itself, though it is but natural to conjecture that the Martyrology of Tallaght may conceivably have suggested the note left us by the annotator of Oengus.<sup>3</sup>

The evidence, imperfect as it is, seems nevertheless sufficient to show that in the Irish Church of the tenth and probably of the ninth century, the Conception of our Blessed Lady was in some way commemorated, not indeed on the 8th of December,

<sup>1</sup> The collection of names printed by Dr. Kelly, under the title a *Calendar of Irish Saints*, is described by all competent judges as quite unreliable.

<sup>2</sup> This date, which seems to be accepted by Dr. Whitley Stokes, by Dr. Robert Atkinson in his Introduction to the *Book of Leinster*, as well as by Mgr. Duchesne, "Martyrologium Hieronymianum" (*Acta Sanctorum*, November, vol. ii. p. xxvii.), is based by Colgan on the fact that the death of Bishop Cairpre of Clonmacnois († 899) is mentioned in the Martyrology of Tallaght, but not the death of Bishop Cormac. († 903). *Acta SS. Hiberniæ*, vol. i. p. 581.

<sup>3</sup> There may, of course, be other traces of this Irish Conception feast, which will some day come to light. The Calendar of Cashel, frequently referred to by Colgan, and assigned by him to the year 1030, seems to have now disappeared, but may be recovered. St. Wilibrod's Calendar in the Epternach *Hieronymianum* (Paris Lat. 10,837), or the Codex Augiensis clxvii., at Carlsruhe, might furnish another mention of the feast, but we have been unable to consult them. The valuable calendar in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, (MS. 50, formerly A. 4. 20), does not apparently contain any reference to the Conceptio B. Mariæ. It should be noticed also that, so far as our evidence enables us to judge, the primitive Irish metrical calendar, now represented by the three Museum copies, of which Galba, A. xviii. is the most important, is older than the Martyrology of Tallaght.

but at the beginning of May. It remains to inquire, as well as we can, how the idea came to connect itself with this unlikely date in the ecclesiastical calendar.

That the entry regarding the Conception should in one case be attached to the 2nd and in others to the 3rd day of May, will surprise no one who has devoted even a little attention to our early martyrologia. Whether the phenomenon be due to the carelessness of the scribes, or to a consciously accepted principle that items belonging to days that are already overcrowded, may be transferred to adjacent days where more room is to be found, certain it is that nothing is more common than the variation of a day or two in the different calendars, especially with regard to feasts which are not of primary importance. To take but a single example from the group of calendars we have been discussing. The metrical entry for St. Comgan is attached in all these cases to February 26th, the fourth day before the Kalends of March.

*Comganus meritis transivit Tartara quadris.*

But in Oengus and the Martyrology of Gorman,<sup>1</sup> Comgan is mentioned on the 27th of February, after the Finding of the head of St. John Baptist, to which is given the place of honour. It seems highly probable that the metrical compiler, observing that the 27th was already fully occupied, transferred St. Comgan to a vacant space on the preceding day. However this may be, there can be no practical doubt that the entry on May 2nd,

*Concipitur virgo Maria cognomine senis,*

of the Museum manuscripts is to be regarded as one and the same with the commemoration of our Lady's Conception, found in the Martyrology of Tallaght and the Féilire of Oengus, under date of May 3rd.<sup>2</sup>

But whence comes this entry, which is so difficult to reconcile with the date (September 8th) accepted throughout the West for the feast of our Lady's Nativity? It should perhaps be noticed, in the first place, that the second day of May is exactly nine months before the feast of the Purification, on February 2nd. If it were possible to regard the Purification as a sort of primary feast of the Blessed Virgin in point of dignity, as it is perhaps

<sup>1</sup> It is also in the *Calendarium Drummondense*.

<sup>2</sup> Curiously enough in the *Calendarium Celticum*, printed by Forbes (*Scottish Calendar*, p. 85), the feast of the Cross, *Fel na croiche*, is assigned to the 2nd, not the 3rd, of May.

the earliest in order of time,<sup>1</sup> it might be suggested that the nine months' interval was calculated from that date, as though the 2nd of February had been the anniversary of Mary's true birthday. Let us confess, however, that this hypothesis seems somewhat improbable. First, because it would throw back the commemoration of the Conception to a very early date indeed, for the feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady has been kept throughout the West on September 8th ever since the last years of the seventh century. Secondly, because the 3rd of May seems more likely to be the true day of the Irish Conception feast than May 2nd. It would be easy to explain the transference from the 3rd to the 2nd in a metrical calendar, but not *vice versâ*; for the feast of the "Invention" of the Holy Cross has from a very early period occupied the position it holds at present.

We are inclined therefore to seek an explanation of this Irish Conception feast in some Oriental influence, most probably a calendar of Coptic origin. There is good reason to believe that in all matters connected with the computation of time the example of Alexandria was very far-reaching in its effects throughout Western Christendom. It is the commonest thing to find the names and the dates of the beginnings of the Egyptian months recorded in Saxon calendars of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Moreover, we certainly owe a number of Marian feasts—the Presentation and the Visitation for example, and probably at an earlier period the Nativity itself—to Oriental sources. Even now the date assigned to the Visitation (July 2nd) does not fit in with what we may call the Western system; for if St. John the Baptist was born on June 24th, it is an anachronism to commemorate on July 2nd the leaping of the infant in its mother's womb.<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately our information about Oriental calendars generally, and about those of the Copts in particular, is very imperfect if we seek to go back as far as the ninth or tenth century;—the first serious difficulty being that all extant manuscripts are of very much later date. Still, we know that the feast of our

<sup>1</sup> See Duchesne, *Origines* (Eng. Trans.). "The most ancient of these festivals of the Blessed Virgin is that of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple." (p. 271.) In the *Calendarium Celticum*, as it stands a late document of the fourteenth century at earliest, the Purification is simply indicated by the words, *Fel Muire* (Mary's feast).

<sup>2</sup> The explanation usually given is that July 2nd represented the day on which Mary terminated her visit to her cousin. But this *effugium* has obviously been fabricated after the event.

Lady's Nativity was kept by the Copts on the first day of the month Bashansh or Pachon,<sup>1</sup> corresponding to our April 26th, and sometimes, it may be, to May 1st.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, we are inclined to believe that this Nativity feast brought in its train, according to Oriental analogy, a commemoration on a subsequent day of those specially concerned in the mystery, notably St. Joachim and St. Anne.<sup>3</sup>

We may conjecture, then, that some learned Culdee of the ninth century, finding in a Coptic Calendar the mention of Mary's Nativity at the beginning of the month which corresponds to May, and being himself accustomed to keep the feast on September 8th, like the rest of Western Christendom, supposed that this earlier Nativity feast must be that of her "*Inceptio*," or first beginning, *i.e.*, Conception;—*Inceptio* is the very word, it will be remembered, which is used by the annotator of Oengus. And this suggestion would only be confirmed by the possible though doubtful occurrence of the names of Joachim and Anne in the immediate vicinity.

In any case, if we are studying the origin of our Lady's Conception feast, not so much as a dogma, but rather as a liturgical celebration, it is impossible to ignore the very important part played by the apocryphal gospel of St. James, the so-called "*Protevangelium*," together with its derivatives, the pseudo-Matthew, and the gospel of the Nativity of Mary. As we have already hinted, the feast of the Conception of Mary in the East was at first not so much regarded as a commemoration of our Lady's special privilege, as a joyful festival in honour of her parents Joachim and Anne.<sup>4</sup> In Oriental art it is conventionally represented, not by any figure of the Immaculate Virgin crowned with stars, but by the meeting of SS. Joachim

<sup>1</sup> See Malan, *Coptic Calendars*, or Mai, *Script. Vet. Nova Collectio*, vol. iv. p. 94, and especially Vansleb, *Histoire de l'Eglise d'Alexandrie*, pp. 160, 161. The Synaxary of Michael, Episcopus Atribæ, says, "juxta sententiam Misrensiu seu Cahirensiu nativitas Mariæ celebratur die primo mensis bescensii seu maii." (Mai, l. c.)

<sup>2</sup> This is stated by Holweck, *Fasti Mariani*, p. 210, on the authority of the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, xxi. p. 403: "Elle est marquée à des jours qui se rapportent tantôt au 26 de notre Avril, tantôt au premier de notre mois de Mai." But the point is not made very clear.

<sup>3</sup> Most Oriental calendars, Greek, Syrian, and also the Coptic, make mention of St. Simeon and St. Anna upon the day after the feast of the Purification of our Blessed Lady. In the Coptic, this falls upon the eighth day of the month Emscir. "Simeonis sacerdotis qui tulit salvatorem in ulnis suis," &c. (Assemani, apud Mai, l. c.)

<sup>4</sup> It is still known to the Greeks as "the Conception of St. Anne the Mother of God's Mother." (See Nilles, *Calendarium*, i. p. 348.)

and Anne at the Golden Gate of Jerusalem, according to the story of the apocryphal gospels. Now this story was almost as familiarly known in the West as in the East. The Fathers of the fourth century, like St. Augustine and St. Jerome, considered it doubtful whether even the names Joachim and Anne were authentic,<sup>1</sup> but a few hundred years later the whole history of the Nativity of Mary, together with that of her "Falling Asleep" and Assumption, were regarded as hardly less certain than the facts recorded in the Gospel itself. It may be interesting to quote the brief summary of the narrative, which appears under September 8th, in that precious memorial of Anglo-Saxon beliefs, the Old English Martyrology of King Alfred's time:<sup>2</sup>

September 8.

On the eighth day of the month is the birth of St. Mary. Her father was called Joachim and her mother Anna, and they were twenty years together before they had a child. Then they were very sad, but an angel of God appeared to each of them separately, and told them that they were to have such a child as never had come into the world before nor ever afterwards. Then it was that after twenty years Anna brought forth a daughter and called her Mary. When she was three years old, her father and mother brought her to Jerusalem, and they gave her up there to the society of women, who sang hymns in the house of God by day and night. The child was soon prudent and persevering, and so perfect that nobody sang God's psalms (*lofsang*) more nobly, and she had such a bright and such a lovely face that one could hardly look at her. During her maidenhood she did many wonderful things in weaving and other accomplishments which the older ones could not do.<sup>3</sup>

This very brief account, of course, omits many details. For instance, we are not told here of the slight put upon Joachim

<sup>1</sup> It is generally admitted that the *Protevangelium Jacobi* must be at least as old as the second half of the second century. Indeed, Dr. M. R. James, in Cheyne's *Encyclopædia Biblica*, s.v. "Apocryphal Gospels," considers that "it may possibly fall within the first century after Christ." In spite of its apocryphal character, Tischendorf, and after him Tappehorn (*Ausserbiblische Nachrichten*, p. 38), consider that in Joachim and Anne it may well preserve the authentic names of Mary's parents. On the other hand, Conrady contends that the work was originally composed in Hebrew, and that the names are significant fabrications. (*Studien und Kritiken*, 1889, p. 749.) The same critic (*Die Quelle der Kindheitsgeschichte Jesus*) also maintains that the *Protevangelium* is older than the early chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke. Cf. also Berendts, *Studien über Zacharias-Apokryphen*.

<sup>2</sup> This was edited not long since for the Early English Text Society by Dr. Herzfeld. The editor believes it to be a ninth century Anglo-Saxon translation of a still older Latin original.

<sup>3</sup> *An Old English Martyrology*, E.E.T.S., p. 164.



for his childlessness, nor is the fact mentioned that Mary's name was foretold by the angel before her birth. But supposing that only this outline of the story was present to the minds of clergy and laity in the West, there was still abundant reason why the mention of Joachim and Anne should suggest the idea of a special commemoration of our Lady's Conception.

Again, if any such commemoration in the case of the Blessed Virgin before the year 1000 is absolutely unknown save in the Irish sources we have enumerated, the same is by no means true with regard to St. John the Baptist. The Conception feast of St. John, founded of course upon the events recorded in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, is entered under September 24th in almost every extant calendar of the ninth or tenth centuries, whether written in England or in Ireland, in France or in Germany.<sup>1</sup> In the Irish *Féilire* of Oengus the notice takes this form :

September 24th. The conception of noble John the Baptist, who is greater than can be told. Save Jesus, of men he is the most wonderful that hath been born.

In the English Martyr Book the entry stands thus :

September 24th.

On the twenty-fourth day of the month is the conception of St. John, the famous Baptist. On this day the archangel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, John's father, as he stood at the altar and burned incense as an offering to God, and told him that a son would be born to him, and that he should be called by the name of John. Then Zacharias would not believe the angel that a son might be born to him and his wife in their old age. The angel said to him : "Thou shalt be dumb until the day when this comes to pass;" and thus it happened.<sup>2</sup>

Under such circumstances it seems that the eventual introduction of the feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin could only be a question of time.<sup>3</sup> The very similarity of the

<sup>1</sup> We may refer for instance to the ancient Calendars published by Fronto, Binterim and Beck. But these are only a few among many. Cf. e.g. Weidenbach's *Calendarium*, and Grotefend's *Zeitrechnung*.

<sup>2</sup> *An Old English Martyrology*, E.E.T.S., Edit. G. Herzfeld, p. 176.

<sup>3</sup> The Oriental Churches and particularly the Coptic are remarkable for commemorating in their calendars almost every incident in the Gospel history. Special days are assigned to such commemorations as the Flight into Egypt, the Return from Egypt, the Beginning of our Lord's Preaching, the Commencement of His Fast. So, in the Syriac Church, the suspicion and enlightenment of St. Joseph were specially commemorated. Nor were these entries confined to the New Testament



story of Joachim and Anne told in the apocryphal Protevangelium, with that of Zacharias and Elizabeth as we read it in the Gospel of St. Luke, was bound to suggest the question propounded some centuries later by Osbert of Clare: "Why should the conception of the servant be honoured and the conception of her who was the Mother of the Lord be passed over in silence?"<sup>1</sup> So far as we know, the first writers in the West who responded to the logic of this appeal were the Irish hagiographers of the ninth and tenth centuries. But their answer, as was implied at the beginning of this article, seems to have gone no further than an entry in their calendars which introduced no new feature into the liturgy. Still the claim to priority was theirs, and these calendars, which spread probably through Scottish and Northumbrian channels, made their way into England propagating the new idea. Thus, when in the eleventh century the question of honouring the Conception of the Blessed Virgin was suggested a second time, the reply took a more practical shape, and another day was pitched upon which corresponded better to the celebration of our Lady's Nativity, already universally honoured on the 8th of September. But even then, the thought of Mary's privilege of immunity from sin was not as yet welded with the commemoration of her conception. It was the historic fact, and the marvels which attended it, to which attention was still drawn, just as the vision of Zachary formed the principal *raison d'être* of the Conception feast of the Baptist. We have only to glance at the pre-Norman forms of Benediction in *Conceptione B. Mariæ Virg.* to appreciate the truth of this remark. Notice, for instance, the blessing preserved in Ad. MS. 28,188, which Mr. Bishop takes

history. The very first day of the Coptic Calendar (Tot 1, or August 29th) the faithful celebrate a feast because Job took a bath and was healed of his sores. "Job iustus a Gabriele archangelo lotus ex omnibus suis doloribus et morbis convaluit, unde mos aqua nova se benedicendi initio anni Coptici inductus." (Mai, iv. p. 93.) It was natural that in such an atmosphere the day of our Lady's Conception should be specially commemorated.

<sup>1</sup> A similar argument is responsible for the widespread belief that our Lord appeared to His Blessed Mother immediately after the Resurrection. He could not, it was contended, have withheld from her a privilege which was bestowed upon Mary Magdalen and upon others. Thus, the author of the *Legenda Aurea*, James de Voragine († 1298), writes: "Tertia qua ante ceteros Virgini Mariæ apparuisse creditur, licet hoc ab evangelistis taceatur. Hæc Romana ecclesia approbare videtur, quæ statim ipsa die apud sanctam Mariam celebrat stationem. . . . Sed absit ut talem matrem talis filius tali negligentia dehonorerit." (*Legenda Aurea*, cap. 54.) St. Ignatius Loyola, as is well known, employs very similar language in his *Spiritual Exercises*.

to be a Winchester Pontifical written for Bishop Leofric of Exeter.

The Blessing upon the feast of the Conception of Holy Mary :

May the everlasting blessing of God be granted to you at the prayer of Blessed Mary, the Virgin, whom the Father Almighty, seeing that His Only Begotten Son should be born from her, proclaimed by an angelic messenger when she was about to be conceived, and may ye, as she is most bountiful, experience her helpful bounty for ever bestowed upon you. Amen.

May He also who before her conception marked her out by name through the overshadowing of the Holy Spirit, vouchsafe that you may in your heart become pregnant with divine grace in the confession of the Holy Trinity, and may He protect you from all evil and confirm you in that sanctification which makes you like to God.

Another similar Pontifical Benediction is to be found in Harleian, 2892. It alludes to the Blessed Mother of God *quam angelico concipiendam preconavit oraculo*—"whose conception He announced by an angel herald," and refers to her again as one *quam prius sanctificavit nominis divinitate quam edita gigneretur humana fragilitate*—"whom He sanctified by the dignity of her name, before she was born of human frailty."

So again in the Leofric Missal the Collect for this day speaks of the "Conception of Blessed Mary being announced to her parents by the prophetic word of an angel;" and there is nothing which draws attention to her privilege of exemption from original sin.

But, finally, after the Norman Conquest, in the discussions carried on by Abbot Anselm of Bury St. Edmunds, and by Osbert of Clare, we find that the celebration of Mary's Conception is closely identified with the dogma of her sinlessness. The line of argument suggested by the Conception feast of St. John the Baptist is much the same as before, but the apocryphal element has completely disappeared. We may, perhaps, have occasion to return to the subject, but we are glad for the present to take our leave upon a pleasing note by quoting the appeal of the first English apostle of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception—Osbert of Clare, who was also the great promoter of this feast.

For if [he says] the blessed John, whom God sent to go before His Son, was only conceived after an angel envoy had announced his coming, and was sanctified in the womb of his mother, much rather

must we believe that she from whose body the Holy of holies was ushered into the world, being there made flesh and coming forth like a bridegroom from his chamber, was herself hallowed in the moment of her conception. For if the begetting of the servant is commemorated, what ought to be done for the begetting of the Mother of the Lord? And if the Spirit of God purified and illuminated St. John at the moment when, as Elizabeth bore witness, to greet the coming of his Saviour he leaped for joy in her womb, we cannot surely doubt that this temple of the wisdom of God (*domus sapientiæ dei*), as she took form within her mother's flesh, was wholly filled with the grace of the Holy Ghost, being on fire with the flame of love, radiant with the white robe of all virtues, and purified even as regards her body from every kind of defilement.<sup>1</sup>

No modern theologian could speak more happily or more directly to the point than this first English defender of a doctrine both then and afterwards so anxiously debated.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Osbert of Clare in MS. Cotton, Vitellius, A. 17, fol. 25.

### *Literature in the Magazines.*

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THE literary historian of, say, the twenty-third century, will write a long chapter, or several long chapters, on the ephemeral literature of the twentieth. In the analytical index at the end of his work there will be such an array of subdivisions under the heading "Magazines" that the reader's brain will swim. There will be magazines named after streets, houses, and towns; magazines with names geological, entomological, philological; magazines whose names have a connection with their contents, and magazines whose names have none. There will be one magazine founded to defend a theory, and another founded to attack it; there will be magazines literary, critical, artistic, fashionable, grotesque; there will be magazines long-lived, magazines still-born, and magazines that bounced into the ring with a halloo, but failed to deceive the audience, and had to be whipped back again. The historian will tell how the Rosencrantz and Guildenstern of periodicals were mistaken by the public for Hamlet, and died in the attempt to sustain the character; and how Hamlet himself was mistaken for his father's ghost, and had to retire underground. He will relate how certain magazines were "the things to read," and were found uncut in every drawing-room, and how certain others were "beneath contempt," and took up much space in bed-room cupboards. He will tell his readers that in this age of Röntgen rays, wireless telegraphy, and radium, when the scientific world was looking nervously behind it to make sure that the fundamental laws of nature were still there, the great mass of the people were yet building their theories of life and forming their ideas of human conduct upon the life and conduct of the heroes and heroines of the Short Story as developed in the popular magazine. He will show how in those days a man might write, and write, and be an author; how three characters and an atmosphere could be made to last for a thousand-and-one

nights ; how "local colouring" was the beginning and end, the continuation and complete art of authorship ; and how to that end the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was sold at half-price.

In these times of historical reconstruction, the past is giving up new secrets every day. We can say "thus and thus the Romans lived, wrought, talked, and died ; in this manner the Greeks, the Persians, the Assyrians managed their household affairs." But the best informed of us cannot but feel that one day of actual life among these peoples would give us more insight into the very colour of their existence than a cycle spent in studying the best modern authorities. And so, perhaps, the future historian of the literary life of our day, however well he present the result of his researches into the subject, will fail in setting forth the really devastating effect which the ephemeral literature of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had upon the immense reading public of the time ; and if he could travel back to us in the flesh, as he will in the spirit, would see his wildest hypotheses pale before the sober facts. He would see men and women of irreproachable respectability, whom the most malicious scandal had never accused of possessing an imagination, and in whose lives nothing but what was commonplace ever occurred—he would see these people going about each with a recess in his mind filled with pictures, ideas, industries, fears, hopes, as untrue, unreal, and impossible as ever were compatible with sanity. Suppose a young woman residing in Brixton were to write a story in which there were a stately countess, a wicked baronet, and a foreign count, with a lovely girl of preternatural dulness for heroine, and for hero a soldier, barrister, author, or doctor according to the taste or social *milieu* of the authoress—could posterity believe that this countess, these titled, beautiful, and professional persons would become by a thousand firesides the unquestioned types, moulds, glasses of all titled, beautiful, and professional persons the world over ? Yet such it was in our day, by such standards the vast majority of work-a-day persons measured the realities of life. Perfectly knowing in their own sphere, they could only come at the spheres above and below theirs by the help of such pictures of them as were afforded by the monthly, weekly, or daily magazines. For ours was an essentially busy age ; an age in which leisure was the endowment of only the very rich or the very poor, and not even of all of these. Men had no time to read what would take time in the reading, and no thought to spare

for it if they had the time. So, in obedience to the law that the demand creates the supply, there rose into being a class of literature wholly adapted to the new end, and the bookstall enlarged its borders. The historian will note that at this period the breakfast-tables of the country were assailed by curious and oddly-named foods, packages of forage which were destined to reduce the old-fashioned and dilatory knife and fork to a mere matter of five minutes with a spoon. He will read with amusement and bewilderment the titles to superiority over all the rest which each of these confections claimed for itself. He will see the cookery-book replaced by the *Pharmacopœia*, and will learn that a thing is not greater than its extract, and that three spoonfuls of crumbled nuts are together equal to one right meal. This will give him a new insight into the spirit of our age; he will call it the synoptical or short-cut age; the age in which Englishmen, as if by way of compensation for their expansion abroad, sought to compress, can, and reduce to its smallest compass all that they used at home, whether as food for the body or as food for the mind.

But one of the first questions that he will put himself will be how and why the diffusion of literature, however void and without form it be, provided always that it is not immoral, can be of evil consequence to a country? How the cheapness and accessibility of such reading matter can be a source of peril to the reading public? And how, seeing that it has grown with the growth of general education, we can condemn the one without by implication condemning the other?

Error is never so dangerous, we know, as when it is mixed up with truth; and the worst kind of fallacy is that which cannot be immediately rejected without at the same time rejecting a good deal of what is sound. We must distinguish and distinguish before we come at the root of the difficulty. We must remember that an effect is not always easily traceable to its cause, and we must above all define our terms. It is indeed easier to say what literature is not than to define what it is. Or rather, it is easier to feel than to say what it is. We may say that it is not style, not imagination, not psychology, not grammar, not a score of other things which, nevertheless, it involves or may involve; but the truth is that there is no real gauge or standard of literature, no Procrustean bed to which we can bring it to be stretched or shortened to uniformity. The most we can say is that this work is literature and this other



is not ; or, which comes to much the same thing, that this will live and this other will not ; and that we know we are right though we cannot say how we know it. Still, there is one test which, if it could always be applied, would be infallible, and the lack of which has been the cause of many grievous contemporary misjudgments. This is the test of *life*. The thing must be living ; it must have that in it which will make it independent of date and circumstance ; it must be not a crystal but an organism ; it must have its roots down among those fundamental principles, motives, springs of life and truth which make every age and nation kin ; the prime matter, of which successive civilizations and different national temperaments are but the varying forms. Hamlet and Macbeth are types not true for Denmark and Scotland alone, not only faithful in the sixteenth century ; their nationality, their historical place, their environment, are no more than their clothes, perfectly suited to them, in that sense inseparable, but yet as distinct from them as the setting is from the jewel. And thus it is that all great literature from the earliest days onwards has always been, and always will be, matter of endless debate and inexhaustible application, since the mystery of life is always with us, and truth, being one and simple, is not limited.

For the purposes of the present discussion, however, it is of less use to have a clear-cut definition of what literature is than to have a good sense of what it is not. It suffices that we should recognize in the ephemeral writing of the day certain marks which will justify us in denying it the right to call itself literature at all. If our opinion be just, these marks should be found in the matter, in the manner, and in the effect of what the present restrictions of language compel us to call popular "literature." Without prejudice, then, to the handful of really excellent periodicals that flourish amongst us (and of course the serious Reviews are out of the question), we say that it is the rule rather than the exception to find in the popular magazine of to-day great poverty of matter, accentuated by hopeless inferiority of manner, of which the effect upon the readers can hardly be good or useful and is almost certainly useless and bad. We say, further, that the craving for sensation, which is usurping the place of the right taste that should be one of the chief results of education, is owing primarily to the wide diffusion of such reading matter ; and that in so far as the spread of education has brought this within the reach of the people,



education has done the people harm. While we are not so unreasonable as to require that periodicals whose first object is to distract and to amuse, should always be "literary" in the highest sense of that word, we have every right to expect that their distinguishing note should not be a total lack of all literary quality, and that their influence upon the language of the people should not be a degrading one. But, it may be said, no one pretends to find literature in any form in the — Magazine or the — Review, or would be anything but astonished if he found it there ; that what he does look for and does find is amusement, interest, and occasionally, in an easily-assimilable form, instruction ; that he considers this good value for his sixpence or shilling, and that he knows very well where to turn for matter more solid and nourishing. To our objector we reply under several heads.

First, that we quite agree with him ; having at least so much sense of the ridiculous as prevents us from supposing everyone to be equally well affected towards literature, and enables us to recognize that a very large portion of the community has no affection for it at all. But though he may laugh at Touchstone and Audrey without detriment to Jaques or Rosalind, he overlooks the fact that to an immense majority of his fellow-readers Touchstone and Audrey are the very stuff of the drama, while Jaques and Rosalind are uninteresting and distracting interlopers. He sits down to a meal of many courses, while these make their dinner off one sufficing dish. Secondly, it may be supposed that his great good sense saves him from mistaking shallow platitude for profound wisdom, and reminds him that a man may talk a prodigious deal and say nothing ; and that he has grace to detect and good-nature to laugh at the miserable psittacism which must, one may suppose, be the bugbear of every author who knows his business. When in his favourite magazine he reads a story in which the action is suspended after every three or four lines, in order that the author may take counsel with the reader on the psychological bearing of each insignificant piece of dialogue, he knows who is being parodied, and smiles ; he is not deceived by the comic lighter-man ; dialects have no mystery for him ; he is no more horrified by the robbery and double murder than he is puzzled by it.

But his less fortunate countrymen, with their almost superstitious respect for the printed word, have no thoughts beyond the page before them, and no power of discriminating between

the base and the true. On the other hand, we are not bringing an indiscriminate charge of grave moral delinquency against all such writing. Some of it, no doubt, is perfectly immoral: some does not even rise to that level: some, again, is positively excellent in intention. But what we do charge it with are mortal sins against truth and taste, outrages against the dignity of print, and that most unforgivable of faults, vulgarity: vulgarity in conception and in execution, in thought and in expression. These publications are the very gin-palaces of literature. As the lacquer, and brasswork, and mahogany of a brand-new public-house have an irresistible attraction for the poor creatures in whose minds warmth and light are inseparable from sawdust and the beer-engine, so the leaded and glossy pages of the cheap magazine allure and dominate the imagination of those persons, hardly less to be pitied, to whom the highest form of life is melodrama. As in the one case the splendour of his surroundings blinds the victim of the public-house to the poverty of his entertainment, so in the other the richness and lustre of the costumes blind the reader to the vacuity of the actors. Let it be remembered that what we chiefly have in view is the fiction of these magazines, though we shall have something to say also of the general and "scientific" articles which they sometimes contain. To us the truly amazing fact is that persons can be found capable of responding to fiction in which the feeblest of plots, pitifully swollen with aimless, endless talk, winds languidly through a tangle of threadbare situations to a profitless and foregone conclusion: in which the old puppets are jerked across the old stage with the wires in full view, and characters are clapped on them as their numbers are on hackney coachmen. This man is witty and caustic, this other is calm and prudent, a third is a leader of men, a fourth is a leader of fashion, and from the first line of the story to the last not one of them says a single word or performs a solitary action to justify his character. Conversations are carried on in language of miserable inadequacy, incredible deeds are prompted by impossible motives, and hardly a thing is done or a sentiment expressed which does not bear the stamp of unreality, untruth, or stupidity. It has always been considered dangerous for an author to take his readers too early into his confidence, for if the story be a living one the actors in it may easily prove refractory and refuse, as the plot thickens, to run in the grooves that have been traced for them. But the writers of short stories

in the popular magazines ignore this precaution, and for two very good reasons: first, because they are incapable of drawing a character which shall speak for itself, and secondly, because their stories, being devoid of life, have to be laboriously hauled along like the allegorical cars in a Lord Mayor's Procession. The result is invariably an example by default of the value of independent observation. Nourished themselves on the food which they manufacture for others, they take nature not as she is in herself but as they find her in the models to which they seek to conform their own productions.

A palmary example of this, is the hard case of the two most widely-known figures of modern magazine fiction, Sherlock Holmes and Captain Kettle. It will be long before people ask, Who was Sherlock Holmes? Who was Captain Kettle? though even here we must beware of prophecy, for we have heard of the young man who asked, What are Keats? Still the fact remains that these two personages have captivated the great heart of the British Public, and no doubt deservedly. For in the series of stories in which their adventures are unfolded there is a consistency, an appeal to that very natural love of mystery and lawlessness which is in us all, and nowhere is there any noticeable defect from the truth. To crown all, they are for the most part told in good sturdy English. Now the inevitable consequence of the success of Sir Conan Doyle and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, is that equivocal form of flattery called imitation: equivocal, because while it acknowledges the success, it hints not obscurely that it was easy of attainment. So the presses of the popular magazines have not ceased to pour forth in endless series the doings by land or by sea of detectives, "investigators," and "agents" all drawing their inspiration from Baker Street, and of smugglers, explorers, and filibusters upon the pattern of Captain Kettle. But the authors of these weary compositions have not tried to evolve for themselves an ideal detective or a real filibuster: they have been contented to trace (within the law) from the pictures which were to hand. The results are poor copies of a copy of nature. It is as if an artist, wishing to paint a landscape, were to shut himself up in his studio and satisfy himself with producing an inferior copy of the work of another painter, instead of taking his easel under his arm and going out into the open air. We need not labour the point. It must be obvious enough to any one who is a reader, however casually, of the cheaper magazines, that the "semi-detached" serial is running

itself to an inglorious death through the pages of most of them.

But, taste and inspiration apart, the very style in which these stories are written is sufficient to condemn them out of hand. We need not, of course be hypercritical in the matter, since the best of writers trip now and then, and a really great piece of work will bear a good deal of mishandling without suffering essential disfigurement. Examples are ready to hand. Macaulay has at least one split infinitive, and has been accused of "banging an antithetical drum" till nothing else could be heard: there are lengthy dialogues in the *Waverley Novels*, carried on in the third person and amidst profound verbal complexities, which we should forgive in no one but a genius: Dickens sometimes sets our teeth on edge: Disraeli cannot away with wealth, beauty, and nobility: and so on through the list of our loves and favourites. But these are spots on the sun, slight and accidental blemishes on beauty. It is another thing when the infinitive is more often split than whole, when dialogues are habitually cast in the vein of the *Conversation Book*, when pathos is always excruciating and passion never convincing, when beauty is another word for perfection, and wealth and nobility are always either the accompaniment or the reward of virtue. Faults which are not heeded in the work of a genius, become intolerable when they are associated with banality, incompetence, and stupidity. A sign of true literary power is restraint, and in these stories restraint is unknown: the fears, loves, and hopes of the characters are underscored and insisted upon until they become ridiculous: a step further, and we have the italics of the *Penny Dreadful*. The work of an able writer is always suggestive, and in these stories nothing is left to the imagination: in the horrible phrase of the *Patent Food makers*, everything is "predigested" for the reader. As a general rule a powerful story is spoilt by illustration, though of course there are exceptions, as for instance in the case of Dickens and perhaps Thackeray, or (thanks to some modern illustrators of very delicate sympathy) Miss Austen and a few others: but, as if to leave no means untried of emphasizing the essential vulgarity and untruth of their productions, the authors of the popular *Short Story* grind out their tale to the accompaniment of ineffable photo-zincographs which at their best approximate in plausibility to the fashion-plate.

But when we have well-nigh exhausted our indignation over

the purely literary and artistic deficiencies of the magazine *Short Story*, we have still left a large and important field of shortcoming untouched. In point of imagination, execution, and taste, it is nearly as bad as it can be: but if this were all, we could be content, after drawing attention to the fact, to leave it to inevitable perdition. There is, however, a further matter to be considered, of great moment to ourselves individually, to the nation at large, and to posterity; the effect, namely, which the wide diffusion of such stuff must have upon the public that reads it. An unfortunate by-product of universal education is the worship of print. Taught to read, without being taught how to read, the "educated" millions enter upon life with the conviction that whatever is printed is true. In the village as well as in the mean street, the clinching argument is "I saw it in the paper." "This," says the man of the people, "was written with pen and ink by a man whom perhaps I have seen a dozen times: out of his own head he wrote it. He sent it to the Editor, and the Editor read it, accepted it, printed it, and paid him for it. Therefore it is true and wholesome and worth my reading."

Now this particular story may be perfectly harmless. It may be the usual conjunction of silliness with Wardour Street, or the well-worn medico-psychic mystery. But it may, and in far too many cases is distinctly, if negatively, pernicious. In an airy manner, perhaps, it holds up to sympathy, if not to admiration, a fascinating divorcee, a social wolf of the Trust Magnate class, or a criminal lunatic of the Cloak and Dagger school; or at best it pictures life as a stroll through a Dutch garden, where the end and object of the strollers is to be happy and to look nice, all on the untroubled assumption that man is his own God, and that if he is moral it is only because he finds morality a comfortable accompaniment to good clothes and social respectability. One very well-filled magazine, indeed, whose spelling and grammatical style proclaim its origin, ordinarily devotes about half of its contents to the subject of successful divorce. The "heroines" (and sometimes the "heroes" too) are launched on their career from the dock of the divorce court, as if this legal procedure had conferred upon them a *cachet* of experience, so that not being ignorant of matrimony themselves they might bring help to those misera-  
bles who were. We must repeat, however, lest we be accused of exaggeration, that we are speaking not of what always is, but of what too often is, the tone and spirit of the magazine *Short*

Story. We may even allow that the authors are not directly responsible for this regrettable state of things, but are the merely mechanical exponents of the tone and spirit of the age in which they live, breathing out around them the atmosphere in which they have been brought up. This is nothing to the point which we are pressing, namely, that of the whole volume of ephemeral fiction which is cast monthly over the land, a very large proportion is no less morally than intellectually noxious to those who indulge in it. True, quite a long list might be drawn up from the popular magazines, of stories which appear to be wholly on the side of virtue: but an impartial examination will go far to rob it of its force as a counter-argument. For it will seem to be almost a law that what is good in life must also be dull, and that virtue is in inverse proportion to intelligence. At the head of many a story we are told that so-and-so is a man of inflexible integrity, that such-an-one is pure-souled, high-souled, great-souled, and so forth; but when in the course of the story we find him displaying a perfectly heroic stupidity in the most ordinary affairs of life, we inevitably conclude that there must be a hopeless antagonism between a good life and a happy one. Thus the balance remains unredressed. The sympathy of the multitude rests with the picturesque ruffler, the successful company-promoter, the charming barbarian of modern civilization, whose morals and religion, when they have any, are not suffered to interfere in any way with their conduct.

The Short Story then, we say, as presented in the popular magazines, is sufficiently often of immoral or unmoral tendency to warrant us in deploring its excessive diffusion among those persons who are least fitted by nature and education to resist such influence. But, within their own very restricted limits, the pseudo-scientific articles with which some of these periodicals swell their bulk, are frequently no less harmful. First intellectually, by reason of their scrappy and unintelligent style, commonly called "popular," which makes them easy reading for the half-educated, whose minds thus gradually become receptacles stored with formless and irrelevant information; and secondly morally, because to these same half-educated persons Science and Religion stand in direct opposition to one another, and when they find things unhesitatingly asserted in print which appear to cut at the very roots of their religious beliefs, they conclude without much difficulty that these beliefs



are false or at least stand in very serious need of revision. We do not say that the scientific articles of this or that magazine are filling the land with Atheists or Agnostics, but we believe that the easy plausibility and finality of their utterances carry to the mind of the uncultivated reader a conviction of their unassailable truth which is much out of proportion to their merits. The amassing of fragmentary and indigestible knowledge is evil enough, however, and it is all the more harmful in that it so fully accords with the tendency of the day to compress, abbreviate, and synopsise in every direction. It must be remembered, too, that the class which is most susceptible to these influences is that which we describe loosely as the class of "trades-people," including all those who are engaged in trade short of what is more definitely called "business." That is to say, the class which lies midway between the manual labourer and the smaller professional man. This is the class from which is drawn the more intelligent portion of the rank and file of our Army and Navy: this class supplies the better part of the votes at the elections: with this class rests the substantial prosperity of the country. It consists, as a general rule, of persons of considerable shrewdness in their own affairs, possessed too of certain very definite standards of right conduct. It has been called the backbone of the nation. It is, therefore, the more deplorable that this numerous class should be so much exposed to the evil of which we are complaining. The education of its members usually terminates when their minds are most open to external influences, and they enter upon their lives with all the means of improving and elevating themselves, but with little knowledge of how to employ them. To such persons the cheap and gaily-bound magazine is irresistible. For a few pence they can purchase what will effectually repose and distract them in the intervals of their serious occupations. The consequence is that the good sense which carries them successfully through their working hours, seems to desert them when their time is their own: and the right principles of conduct which are their guides in real life, are gradually warped and distorted by the ideal existence in which they find their recreation.

Generalities are, of course, as fallacious as statistics, and there is nothing whatever to be gained by overdrawing the picture. We think, nevertheless, that the unprejudiced observer of our national life will have little difficulty in recognizing the unfortunate influence which the prodigality of cheap fiction and



cheaper science has exerted, and is still exerting, upon this important section of the community. There were not wanting those who saw in the popular demonstrations of rejoicing towards the close of the late war, a distinct deterioration from that quality of self-restraint on which we, as a nation, have for so long been accustomed to pride ourselves; and while deploring the change, they did not hesitate to refer it to the ever-growing influence of the cheap Press, and particularly to that portion of it which, under the name of fiction, pretends to hold up a mirror to life. The worst feature of the question is that there seems to be no remedy for it, or at least no remedy other than an appeal to the very persons who live by spreading the disease. Legislation, of course, would be absurd and impossible in a matter of taste; and the most we can hope is that the evil is only a passing one which must cure itself homœopathically. Perhaps it is no more than a natural outcome of the universality of education, an excrescence which time will smooth away. Meanwhile it grows.

R. H. J. STEUART.

## *East End Sketches.*

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### 3. "CONCERNING THE LIVING AND THE DEAD."

I WAS walking along Heather Street in a meditative mood when a touzled grey head appeared at a top window and a stentorian voice cried "Whist!" It was my friend Mrs. Mulligan with the seam across her face. "'eard abaht the murder!" she said in a ghoul-like whisper. "Hawful! ain't it!" and she sighed heavily. "Ter think as any man cud 'a bin sich a monster, and 'im a undertaker too. Wudn't bury the pore little thing 'e wudn't; 'cos they didn't 'ave the money ter pay cash down, so wot's 'e do, but sends back the corpse be carrier!—addressed it as a paper parcel 'e did, which the gran'mother opened, fur the reason thet the mother was lyin' sick in the 'orspital. May the Hivens defend us agin sich monsters!" she said. "W'y! even the jedge hisself as sits in the coourt, 'e sez as 'e never did 'ear the like, 'e sez, so 'e gives 'im two years 'ard!"

From that we diverged into other matters, Mrs. Mulligan hanging out from her top window and I standing inches deep in East End mud. "I'm getting a stiff neck," I said at last, feeling painfully like a Fra Angelico angel in a Florentine fresco, "may I come up?"

"W'y o' course yer kin," and the head was withdrawn from the window.

On reaching the room I found Mrs. Mulligan engaged in throwing her last bundle of kindling wood on to the fire.

"What are you making up the fire for?—it was all right as it was," I said, reproachfully.

"Now ev yer don't be askin' me questions," she said, "I'll make yez the finest cup o' cocoa yer ever 'ad in yer life; 'tis three 'a'porth I did be buyin' yisterday, and shure! I wants yer ter taste it!"

"Please don't make any for me," I implored, making a late breakfast the plea. But Mrs. Mulligan in her hospitable

moments was not to be withstood, and placing a smoky kettle on the blaze she ignored my protests.

"Shure! 'tis bitter cold," she said, irrelevantly, "and p'haps 'tis like mesilf ye are, fur I'm not the thing at all at all," and Mrs. Mulligan drew her shawl closer.

"Thinking of your sins?" I asked, conversationally.

"Arrah!" she said with a twinkle in her eye, "and may the devil fly away wid 'em!"

"You are attending the hospital I hope?"

"Shure! 'tis underneath the 'orspital I've been these three weeks," she said, "but I ain't none the better fur it. I do be thinkin'," she went on, "that mebbe I won't live to see Johnnie agin, fur I do be feelin' very queer, I do. And 'e ain't writ, this long time, and yisterday was the day whin the letters comes from India. 'Tis a sergeant 'e is now, an' 'e sez as 'e 'opes ter git 'ome next year—the Lord grant 'e may! Yer read 'is last, didn't yer? the one wheer 'e sez 'e didn't 'ave the p'leasure o' knowin' yer—thet wus a answer ter the letter 'is father writ ter ask 'im ev 'e didn't know yer."

"I have never been in India," I reminded her.

"Shure! I knows that, but goin' abaht from wan country to the other, I thought as yer might 'ave seen my Johnnie comin' or goin' like, as yer wint along."

"I've only passed by India in a ship," I said.

"Yuss! I thought yer had, but Johnnie 'e sez as 'e never seed yer, 'e sez."

"How's his servant getting on?" I asked.

"Fine!" said Mrs. Mulligan, with a glow of pride. In the first days of our acquaintance Mrs. Mulligan had showed me a photograph—it is still on the mantelpiece—of Johnnie in his sergeant's uniform, and by his side a white-robed Indian figure. "And," said Mrs. Mulligan, "whin Johnnie give me that pictur, I looks at it, and I sez ter 'im, 'Johnnie,' I sez, 'in the name o' Hivin!' I sez, 'wot's the nigger woman doin' in it,' I sez—fur Johnnie's a good boy fur 'is Church, and the priests speaks well of 'im.

"'Mother,' he sez, 'it ain't a woman,' 'e sez, 'w'y! its me sarvint!'

"'May the saints be good to us!' sez I, 'and do yer keeps a sarvint in Injia, me son?' I sez to 'im.

"'Yus!' 'e sez, 'we all keeps sarvints in India,' 'e sez.

"Jest ter think uv it!" said Mrs. Mulligan, looking medita-

tively at the photograph. "And yer'd never believe," she added, confidentially, "'ow cheap sarvints is—in Injia."

"Are they," I asked.

"Yuss! 'tis truth I tell yez. Wot d'yer thinks they gits? W'y! 'alf a 'banana' a day! thet's all they gits, 'alf a 'banana' a day! and theer keep. Be the powers!" said Mrs. Mulligan, with spirit, "and 'tisin't a sarvint in Injia, I'd be."

Then the kettle boiled over, and was hastily rescued by my hostess, who thereupon made the cocoa and served it in a carefully washed cup.

"Did I ever be tellin' yez," she asked, "uv the funeral last week over beyant in the lane? it was Mr. Dooley as died, d'yer mind me now, and the friends was all waitin' fur the funeral, and the mournin' kerridges was theer and they was gittin' in—fur ter go ter Leytonstone, whin the undertaker comes out all uv a 'urry, and sez 'e, 'Be reason uv the two shillin's short,' 'e sez, 'theer ain't going' ter be no burial this day,' 'e sez, and off 'e drives wid the 'earse! It wur crool 'ard on the widow, but some o' the neighbours bein' sorry fur 'er throuble, one lends 'er a shawl and Mr. Flannigan 'is shirt, fur ter put in the pawn, and Dooley was buried, be all accounts, next day. But the grandest funeral as iver I see," continued Mrs. Mulligan, "was whin Mulligan's cousin died o' the pleusy. Tim Mulligan 'e wur—Gawd rest his soul! Shall I iver fergit it! Mighty fine people they was in their way—lived in the next street but wan. Mulligan's cousin's wife always kep' 'erself very respectable she did—niver corresponded wid any o' the neighbours like, allus kep' 'erself ter 'erself as the sayin' is. Well! me bein' the wife o' Mulligan's cousin and the nearest o' kin ter the corpse—not countin' the wife—she come over 'ere ter see ter me bein' a'right fur the funeral, cos she an' me was ter ride in the fust kerridge tergether. So me cousin's wife she does up me 'air 'erself. 'Quite fashionable yer are,' thinks I. 'And now,' she sez, 'wheer's the black bonnet?' 'Arrah,' sez I, 'shure niver did I wear nothing over me 'ead but me old shawl,' sez I, 'and won't thet do?' sez I. But not a bit uv it," continued Mrs. Mulligan, "so I borries the bonnet f'm the lady as lives opposite—and be the same token she's dead since and may God be good to 'er! Well! ter be shure! 'twas the bonnet as felt funny on the top o' me 'ead and not givin' a ha'porth o' warmth. 'I suppose yer 'ave gloves?' sez me grand relation. 'Gloves,' sez I, 'thet I ain't,' sez I, 'but I know's theer is a pair down the sthreet, fur

Mrs. Finn she lent 'em wid 'er pair o' boots, ter Mrs. White whin 'er brother died.' So Mrs. Finn, she lends me the gloves—and whether 'twas, they was small, or mebbe me 'ands wasn't the size, the Lord on'y knows! But 'twas mighty 'ard ter git me fingers into 'em." Here there was a pause. "And," continued Mrs. Mulligan, "ev yer'll b'lieve me, after all me sthriving and me sthruggling theer was me two thumbs stickin' out quite naked and wid no fingers ter put 'em in!" Whereat Mrs. Mulligan, overcome by the recollection of the mishap, laughed until the tears came. "And wait now," said Mrs. Mulligan, with an effort at restraint and her hand on my arm, "wait till I tells yez the ind of it. Well! jist whin I thought me cousin's wife 'ad finished wid me—and shure, I thinks ter meself, 'Sue Mulligan! 'tis yer own mother as wudn't know yer this day!' and I did be feelin' ashamed wid the grandeur uv it all, whin me cousin's wife she sez ter me, she sez, 'Sue!' sez she, 'wot abaht the fall,' sez she! 'Wot fall?' sez I, fur I was enjying the best o' 'ealth and spirits.

"'W'y! yer own,' sez she, 'ave yer fergot it?' sez she.

"'Divil a bit,' sez I, 'but 'twas many a year ago.'

"'But,' sez she, 'wheer is it?' sez she.

"'Twas right down the stairs,' sez I, 'and shure! isn't the marks of that same fall sthill on me face?' sez I.

"'Woman!' she sez, 'and is it possible,' she sez, 'as yer niver 'eard of a fall,' she sez, 'fur wearing over yer face,' she sez! 'W'y! who iver 'eard of any decent woman goin' ter a fun'ral widout a fall?'

"Wid that," said Mrs. Mulligan, "yer cud 'a knocked me dahn wid a feather. So me cousin's wife she goes aht and she borries a net fall from a lady up the street, and she comes back and ties it round me head. 'Murder!' sez I, 'let go uv it! or you'll kill me intirely,' I sez. 'Tis fur the burial,' sez she. 'So I'm thinkin,' sez I, and then she loosens it a bit. Shure! I cud 'ardly open me eyes at all wid that net fall on, and it erritated the ind o' me nose entirely. But the kerridge was at the door and the neighbours was all out ter see us go off, so in we gits and away we goes ter the burial. And we 'adn't gone far whin—Hiven be good ter us!" said Mrs. Mulligan tragically—"ter think uv it—I wanted ter blow me nose! and not knowin' 'ow, be reason o' the fall. Wid that I prays ter all the saints in glory, for 'twasn't likely I'd be askin' me gran' relation and showin' me ignorance, whin all uv a suddint she gives a squeal,

and throwin the fall up over 'er 'ead she begins ter cry. To be shure! sez I, and I done the same. 'Twas a quare thing entirely!" said Mrs. Mulligan, pensively, "but 'twas a gran' burial, the best as iver I see!"

From there I went to Splash Lane and mounted into a grimy attic. It was after three o'clock in the afternoon, but the two old women who shared the rent and whatever shelter the garret afforded, were still in bed.

"Do you know the time?" I asked, laughingly.

"No, lady!" said one old woman, "we niver knows the time. Its ginerally dark, and sometimes we thinks it's evening whin it's mornin'. Theer ain't no clocks as strikes abaht 'ere," she explained. "I 'ave the rheumatics very bad ter-day," she added, "dunno what ter do with myself, so I tries sitting up fur a bit."

It was a ramshackle old bed propped up against a damp wall, and where the paper and the plaster had fallen off it showed the laths like so many bare ribs. The old woman must have been about seventy years of age. Her face was seamed with wrinkles, and her teeth were gone and her eyes deep set and hollow-looking, for she lived on the verge of starvation. Her grey hair streamed down on to her shoulders and hung in wisps over her eyes; and with her knees drawn up to her chin and her bony arms clasping them round, she looked weird enough in the half light of the attic to have been an old witch of a bygone day. Another old woman lay under more rags in the other corner, but nothing was visible of her as she huddled herself up with an effort to get warm. There was no fire in the attic. One tiny window the attic possessed, but since my last visit one of its panes had been broken, and the aperture which might have let in a little welcome ventilation was plugged with the remnant of an ancient petticoat. I do not know why, but the window conveyed to my mind the idea of some quaint old face that had lost an eye through misadventure, and I felt certain as I looked at it that some wicked person had poked its eye out in revenge.

There were no chairs in the attic, so I used to sit on the old wooden soap-box. There wasn't much alternative either whether to sit or to stand, for the roof of the garret tailed off into nothing just there.

"Do you suffer much from rheumatism?" I asked.

"Yuss, on and orf, I does—but theer ain't no use a'grumblin'!



Me mother 'ad it a lot in 'er time. She was awful bad with it afore she died," said the old woman.

"I suppose she died many years ago?" I asked, for this old woman had neither relations nor friends living.

"Yuss, I buried 'er this twenty year come January," she said. "We waked 'er fur nine nights and then buried 'er decent."

"Belonged to a burial club?" I asked.

"Yuss," said the old woman, "she paid 'er tuppence a week regler while she lived, and the club 'ad ter pay dahn siven pund whin she died."

"I suppose you all go in for wakes," I said; "but, personally, do you know, I don't believe in wakes."

"Wakes!" ejaculated the old woman. "Don't believe in wakes!" and the eerie figure peered at me from behind the straggling strands of grey hair.

"W'o don't believe in wakes?" demanded the other old woman emerging from her rags in the opposite corner. Had I denièd all the articles of the Creed they could not have been more shocked. They both sat upright and gazed at me, who had been their friend.

"Wot is it?" asked one of them at last, "wot is it yer don't believe in?"

"I believe in prayer," I said, "but I don't believe in drink."

"Theer didn't oughter be no drink at a wake," asserted the old woman, vehemently.

"But there generally is," I said, reproachfully, "and I think it is an insult to the dead."

"Nobody didn't oughter take too much liquor no time," said the old woman, "but o' course ev yer're all night watchin', yer gits 'ungry afore mornin' and yer wants yer vittuals. The vittuals," she added, "ain't in the room with the corpse, lestwys they didn't oughter be."

"W'y," said the other old woman, "wot wud yer 'ave 'em do ev they didn't 'ave a wake?"

"What would I have?" I asked. And then, for the first time, I came face to face with facts. As I sat in the darkened attic, with its want of ventilation and its paper hanging down the walls in damp festoons, and the two old women lying huddled up in their rags—without food or firing, a vision of the East End rose up before me in its vastness and I saw squalid rooms wherein whole families lived as in primitive savagery, where they not only lived but worked, and when the

work was finished they slept, and when life was done they died—all in the same room. Perhaps in the filth and the squalor of their poverty there might be but one bed, and as the living may not sleep with the dead, the verminous bed was then the dead man's right and the living watched by the bedside. Day and night the vigil had perforce to continue until the money was collected and the dead man was buried. And these were the people I had blamed! These were the people who shocked civilization by their barbarous customs and their excess; these people whom civilization deprived of the decencies of life! What would I have? I asked myself, as I sat on the old soap-box in the attic, and there came to me but one answer, I would have the Housing Question solved. But the answer was not suited to the attic, and feeling ashamed at having reproached them, I said penitently, "I don't think I ever quite understood. Tell me about your mother's wake."

"Well," said the old woman, somewhat mollified, "ter begin with, the sheets was up——"

"What sheets?" I asked, "and why did you put them up?"

"Never 'eard o' the sheets bein' up?" she asked, blankly.

I shook my head in testimony of my ignorance.

"W'y! thet's the fust thing yer does fur a wake."

"But where do you put them?" I asked. "Do you hang them on the wall?"

"Yuss! yer stretches 'em up from the bed, as fur as they'll go up the wall. Then yer pins up the sarcenet bows—arranges 'em in a row along the sheets. The corpse a' course is laid out on the bed, and alongside the bed yer puts the candles. The candles," said the old woman, "depinds on wot yer kin afford. Siven candles fur a man, five fur a woman, an' on'y three fur a child—ev yer kin afford 'em," she added.

"What else?" I asked.

"Well thin theer's a plate o' clay pipes wot is put at the foot o' the bed, and a plate o' baccy; an' sometimes w'en people 'as the money, another plate wif snuff on it—ready fur the people as comes ter the wake," she explained. "At me mother's wake," she said, "theer was a mighty lot o' people as come, an' she did look beautiful, me mother did!"

"And no one took too much," I said.

"Not wan of 'em—we felt 'em afore they wint in so's they didn't take in no bottles," she added. "And they 'ad their vittuals in the downstairs room wot was lent be a lodger.

Yuss!" concluded the old woman, "nine nights we waked 'er and thin buried 'er 'andsome. Yer should 'ev seed it, four 'orses theer was to the 'earse thet carried 'er—me mother's fun'ral was something like!"

A few days later I met a woman crying, who asked if I'd go and see her little dying boy. He was barely four, with big hazel eyes and the face of an angel. The tenement where he lived faced one of the foul courts that abound there, and this East End court was the only playground the dying child ever knew. When I got upstairs I found the sick-room crowded. The mother and father were there—the latter not sober. There were neighbours who had come to inquire, and relations and friends who came to wait by the bedside. An elder brother in uniform was on leave from barracks and had just arrived so that he might see the child die. And in one corner of the room lay the child, tossing in high delirium, and from the baby lips came the sound of muttered oaths. At each foul imprecation the mother with soothing words put her hand over the mouth of her child that the awful words might not be uttered. Presently the little form became quieter, and the mother left the bedside. She was telling me the doctor's verdict, when suddenly the childish figure raised itself in bed—the lovely baby eyes were staring wide—and with a piercing shriek the dying child called down a wild curse upon us. Never shall I forget the scene. Like a thunder-clap in a cloudless sky it struck terror into their hearts. The men held their breath in fear, and the women crouched as though struck down by an invisible hand. A rough factory girl near me raised her bare arm instinctively as though to ward off a blow while she sank on her knees and supplicated Heaven to spare them. For in that moment Eternity seemed very near and they feared the hand of the Avenger. And the prayers that went up from the back room that day were not so much for the child who was dying as for them who were living.

Yet these things must be—the courts must be dens of iniquity and the living must wake the dead, and the children must continue to blaspheme—until our legislation improves the conditions of East End life.

MAY F. QUINLAN.

## *Notes on Cardinals and their Insignia.*<sup>1</sup>

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### PART I.

#### *Origin.*

THE title of Cardinal (from the Latin, *cardo*, a hinge) has existed in the Roman Catholic Church from very early times, and was used at first to designate certain ecclesiastics who were the Pope's vicars and coadjutors in the diocese of Rome, for the management of affairs both spiritual and temporal. According to Baronius, mention is made of seven Cardinals at a Council held in the year 324; but it is not until A.D. 492, under Gelasius I., that they are clearly designated. Gradually these Cardinals acquired higher dignity and importance, until the twelfth century, when the title and rank began to be formally bestowed only on selected individuals, these distinguished persons being foreigners as well as Romans.

#### *Electors of the Pope.*

Nicholas II., in 1059, restricted the right of electing the Pope to the Cardinals alone. Although it is usual for them to select one of their own number to fill the Papal throne when vacant, this has not always been the case. Urban IV., B. Gregory X., St. Celestine V., Clement V., Urban V., and Urban VI. had never worn the purple.

#### *Sacred College.*

The body of Cardinals is styled the Sacred College.

#### *Number.*

Sixtus V., in 1586, limited the number of the Sacred College to seventy members, that is to say: six Bishops, fifty Priests, and fourteen Deacons, and that constitution still exists. Before that time the number had been subject to great variation; thus, at the election of Nicholas III. there were only eight

<sup>1</sup> Read before the Guild of St. Gregory and St. Luke, 4 January, 1904.

Cardinals, on the death of Clement VI., in 1352, they numbered twenty, while under Pius IV. they had reached seventy-four. In modern times the number of seventy is seldom complete, the Pope usually reserving a few vacancies for extraordinary cases, the exceptions being in 1655, and again in 1667, when there was not a single Hat vacant.

The Cardinalate is thus divided into three orders or classes, though all of equal princely rank, namely: Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; and the precedence in each order is according to seniority of creation.

The six Cardinal Bishops hold respectively *Cardinal Bishops.* the six suburban sees of Rome, viz.: 1. Ostia and Velletri; 2. Porto and S. Rufina; 3. Frascati; 4. Palestrina; 5. Sabina; and 6. Albano. The Bishop of Ostia is Dean of the Sacred College, and it is he who consecrates the new Pope. The Bishop of Porto is Sub-Dean. There is an instance, and I only know of this one, of a Cardinal having held all six suburban sees in succession. This was Giovanni Morone (cr. 1542).

The fifty Cardinal Priests are chosen *Cardinal Priests.* chiefly from among the Patriarchs, the Archbishops, and the Bishops; but the Religious Orders are also represented. Each has the title of a church in Rome allotted to him, and in that church he has jurisdiction, and a throne under a canopy. This title may in time be exchanged successively for others that are vacant, and in due course, by right of seniority, for a vacant Cardinal-Bishopric. This translation from one church to another is called *optare*. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries *opting* was much in favour, and it was not an uncommon occurrence for a Cardinal to have held as many as four or five titles in succession. Now-a-days a Cardinal is usually satisfied with his first title, and seldom *opts* for another, unless it be for that of St. Lawrence *in Lucina*, which ranks before all the rest. If

he is an Archbishop or a Bishop, he resides *Residence.* in his diocese; if not a member of the Episcopate, he dwells in Rome, and forms part of the Curia. A Roman Council in the year 853, in the Pontificate of St. Leo IV., deposed Cardinal Anastasius from his title of St. Marcellus, because he had been absent from his church five years.

The fourteen Cardinal Deacons have also *Cardinal Deacons*. certain churches in Rome assigned to them, and these Deaconries are exchangeable at option in the same manner as the Bishoprics and Titles. Deacons may also be admitted into the superior grades, as vacancies occur; but if not already priests, they must be ordained before admittance. Sometimes a Cardinal Priest chooses a Deaconry for his Title, and in that case the church becomes presbyteral for the nonce. A recent instance of this is the choice of the Diaconal Title of *Ŝ. Maria in Cosmedin*, made by his Eminence Cardinal Callegari, Bishop of Padua, when raised to the purple in November last by His Holiness Pius X.

The first or senior Deacon takes his designation from the Church of *S. Maria in Via lata*, and he has the privilege of proclaiming and crowning the Sovereign Pontiff.

The term "reserved in *Petto*" is applied  
*Creations* to the creation of Cardinals whose names  
*in Petto.* are kept secret, and when the publication thereof is delayed for some reason or other.

No one can assume the rank of a Cardinal until his name has been published; but as soon as proclaimed he takes precedence over others from the day he was created and reserved *in petto*. Should the Pope die before the publication is made, the creation is void. It is supposed that Dr. Lingard, the great English historian, was created and reserved *in petto* by Leo XII., in 1826, though never published.

The privilege of wearing a linen mitre  
*The Mitre.* was granted to Cardinal Priests before 1130, and this privilege was extended to Cardinal Deacons about sixty years later. The use of a silken mitre was not granted to Cardinals until the pontificate of Paul II.

Innocent IV., in 1245, ordained that  
*The Red Hat.* Cardinals should wear a red Hat, to show that they ought to expose themselves to the shedding of their blood for the Church.

Paul II., in 1464, instituted the scarlet  
*Skull-cap, Birretta.* skull-cap and birretta.

Gregory XIV., in 1590, extended the same  
*Dress of the Monastic Orders.* privileges to Cardinals of the Monastic Orders, who until then had worn no badge of their dignity.



*Precedence over Bishops.* In 1614, in the Parliament of Paris, Louis XIII. adjudged precedence to the Cardinals over Bishops and Abbots.

*Title of Eminence.* Urban VIII., in 1630, gave the Cardinals the title of Eminence.

*Creations.* The creations by successive Popes have varied in number, usually in proportion to the duration of their reign; but not always, for instance: Leo XIII. created 147 Cardinals, this being the largest number ever created by one Pope, and 24 more than the number created by Pius IX., whose reign was longer than his by seven years. Eight Popes—namely: Gregory VIII., Celestine IV., Innocent V., Adrian V., Pius III., Marcellus II., Urban VII., and Leo XI.—did not create a single Cardinal. The total number of creations from Paschal II., in 1099, up to the present time is 2,551.

*Investiture.* Two Consistories, one private, the other public, are held for the investiture of Cardinals who are present in Rome. The ceremonies include the giving of the Hat, the accolade, the ring, the closing and opening of mouths, and the conferring of the title.

*Absentees.* Absent Cardinals when created have the scarlet cap sent to them by a special messenger. The Hat and the Title are only given to those who visit Rome, and as many, through old age, infirmities, or from some other cause, are unable to undertake the journey, they die without receiving either one or the other. An exception is made in favour of royal personages, to whom the Hat is sent.

Among those who never received the Hat may be mentioned the following celebrated Prime Ministers of France: Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, Fleury, and Dubois; and the Duke de Lerma, Prime Minister of Spain.

*Length of Cardinalate.* Several have enjoyed the Cardinalate over half a century; but he who beats the record is the Duke of York, who wore the purple during sixty years (1747—1807). On the other hand, some have enjoyed the dignity but a few days, for example, Leonardo Dati, who died in 1426, two days after promotion.

*Creation after death.* But the most extraordinary cases are those of two who actually died before creation, and yet are reckoned among the

Cardinals. The first case is that of an Englishman, William Maresfield, or Macclesfield, who died in 1303, a day or two before his elevation; the other, a Portuguese, Pablo de Carvalho e Mendoça, brother of the Marquis de Pombal (1770). In those days, with neither telegrams nor Marconigrams, news travelled slowly.

Although many of the Cardinals attained  
*Longevity.* a great age, only two to my knowledge reached or exceeded one hundred years. They were Domingo Ram, in the fifteenth, and George da Costa in the sixteenth centuries.

Giovanni de' Medici (Leo X.) was created  
*Boy Cardinals.* a Cardinal at the early age of fourteen, in 1489. Although the Council of Basel fixed the lowest age at thirty, it became a practice to create Boy Cardinals, the sixteenth century alone producing some twenty. The last and youngest of these was Luis Antonio, Infant of Spain, created in 1735, at the age of eight years.

The Cardinalate has been distinguished  
*Saints.* by a number of Saints, including St. Peter Igneo, St. Peter Damian, St. Albert of Brabant, St. Guarino Fuscari, St. Galdino Sala, and St. Raymund Nonnato, and the yet greater names of St. Bonaventure, St. Charles Borromeo, and Blessed John Fisher.

Although St. Jerome in paintings and sculpture is usually represented as wearing a Red Hat, to reckon him among the Cardinals would be an anachronism.

It is usual for the principal Religious  
*Religious Orders.* Orders to have a representative in the Sacred College. Baldwin, in 1130, was the first Cistercian raised to the Cardinalate. The first Dominican was Hugues de St. Thierry in 1244. The first Jesuit, Francisco de Toledo in 1593; and the first Carmelite, Giovanni Antonio Guadagni in 1731.

Certain Cardinals have been known in  
*Appellations.* history under special designations. Thus, Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza (1473) was called "the Grand Cardinal of Spain." Richelieu was known as "the Cardinal-Minister," and Louis de Nogaret La Vaillette (1621), whose servility to Richelieu made him a butt to the witty, was facetiously styled "the Cardinal Valet."

Pileo de Prata (1378) came to be designated as "the

Cardinal of the Three Hats," having received his first Hat from Urban VI., his second from the Antipope Clement VII., and his third from Boniface IX., when he restored him to the purple in 1391, from which he had been degraded by Urban.

A Cistercian, William Curty (1337) was generally known as "the White Cardinal," and the term "Black Cardinals" was applied to thirteen members of the Sacred College, who having refused to attend the marriage of Napoleon I. with the Archduchess Marie Louise, were on that account driven into exile or imprisoned, treated with great rigour, and forbidden to wear the Cardinalitial dress.

Jean de Lorraine (1518) earned the name of the Greatest Pluralist: *Maximus cumulator episcopatum*, enjoying as he did the revenues of twelve Bishoprics all at the same time. This abuse was remedied by the Council of Trent.

Not a few Cardinals have been deprived  
*Deprivations.* of their rank by the Pope. The offences for which they were deprived were various; but the greater number were so punished for joining in schisms. Deprivations have taken place from the earliest times; the latest instances being those of Niccolo Coscia, deposed from his rank for embezzlement and fraud in 1730, but pardoned and reinstated in 1740, and Jean Maury, temporarily deprived in 1810, for accepting the Archbishopric of Paris from Napoleon, in disobedience to the Pope.

Closely allied to deprivations were the  
*Resignations.* compulsory resignations of Cardinals Vincenzo Altieri and Tommaso Antici. When the French Republican troops entered Rome in 1798, barbarously scattering the members of the Sacred College, these two Cardinals, unable to leave the city through infirmities or sickness, were compelled to resign their rank.

Most of the voluntary resignations are those of scions of Royal or Princely Houses, who obtained the Papal dispensation in order to lay aside the purple and marry.

The notorious Cæsar Borgia resigned in 1498, after wearing the purple five years.

The most recent example of a Cardinal resigning his Hat occurred in 1838, when Carlo Odescalchi resigned and became a Jesuit.

In 1885, Cardinal Hohenlohe obtained the Pope's permission to resign the Cardinal-Bishopric of Albano, and return to the

lower grade of a Cardinal Priest. This is the only instance I know of such a case occurring.

Cardinal Odet de Coligny de Chatillon  
*A Huguenot.* (1533), having become a Calvinist, was degraded and excommunicated in 1563. He persisted, however, in dressing in scarlet robes, married Isabel Hauteville in 1564, and audaciously presented her at Court as *Madame la Cardinale*. In 1567 he fought on the Huguenot side at the Battle of St. Denis; in 1568, disguised as a sailor, he fled to England, and was welcomed by Queen Elizabeth. Three years later Coligny was poisoned by his valet; he lies buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

Another pervert was Cardinal Etienne  
*A Revolutionary* Loménie de Brienne, Prime Minister to  
*Bishop.* Louis XVI., 1787—1788. Having taken the civil oath, he was made Constitutional Bishop of Yonne in 1790. Rebuked and suspended by Pius VI., he replied by resigning his Hat in 1791. This step, however, did not save him in the Reign of Terror. Arrested in 1794, he died miserably during an orgie of his captors.

A number of Cardinals have had violent  
*Violent and* deaths. Some have been executed, others  
*tragic deaths.* assassinated, poisoned, drowned, or accidentally killed. Others again have died of the plague, or of cholera, or have expired suddenly, as, for instance, Cardinal de Bérulle in 1629, who was saying Mass when he expired, uttering the words: *Hanc igitur oblationem.*

Cardinal Remolin, who died in 1518, is thought to have been buried alive, for when his tomb was opened some years later, one of his arms was found stretched across his head.

Cardinal Utyschenitz, otherwise called Martinusius, Archbishop of Gran and Regent of Hungary, was murdered by ten assassins in 1551. One of his ears was cut off and carried in token of the deed to Ferdinand of Austria, who had instigated the crime. The unfortunate prelate's body lay where it had fallen, unburied for seventy days.

In 1562, Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, the second of the name, was killed in a hunting party, it is said by his brother, Don Garzia. When the murderer was confronted with the corpse, it bled as a sign of his guilt, whereupon the Grand Duke Cosimo, their father, in a fit of rage stabbed Don Garzia, and

the Grand Duchess died of horror at the spectacle. Alfieri has made this terrible story the subject of one of his tragedies.<sup>1</sup>

Ferdinand, another of the Medici Cardinals, *Charges against Cardinals.* is accused of having poisoned his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Grand Duchess—the beautiful Bianca Capello—at a banquet in 1587. Through this crime he became Grand Duke, resigning his Hat in 1588.

Alfonso de la Cueva, Marquis de Bedmar, Spanish Ambassador at Venice, is alleged to have concocted, in 1618, an audacious plot for the destruction of that city on Ascension Day, when it was customary for the Doge to leave Venice on the Bucentaur to wed the Adriatic. This conspiracy forms the subject of Otway's famous tragedy, *Venice Preserved*. Bedmar was raised to the Cardinalate in 1622.

Of soldier-prelates, the most remarkable *Prelate-warriors.* were Gil Albornoz (1350), dubbed knight at the siege at Algeciras, and Pierre d'Aubusson (1489), Grand Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who received five wounds in his memorable defence of Rhodes against the Turks.

Many Cardinals have risen from the lowest ranks. *Parvenus.* Alberoni (1717), Prime Minister of Spain, was the son of a poor vine-dresser. Dubois (1721), Prime Minister of France, had been a domestic servant, and Maury (1794) was a cobbler's son.

Among other distinguished men who wore the purple must not be omitted the names of *Other remarkable men.* Ximenes (1507), who edited a polyglot bible, Baronius (1596), the great ecclesiastical historian, Bembo (1538), the elegant poet, Mezzofanti (1838), the extraordinary linguist, and Gerdil (1777), the scientist. The last-named was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

Cardinal Prospero Santacroce (1565) introduced tobacco into Italy from Portugal, where he had been Nuncio, and

<sup>1</sup> It was a common notion that a corpse will bleed in the presence of the murderer. King James I., in his *Demonologie*, book 3, chap. 6, says: "In a secret murther, if the dead carkasse be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it wil gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murtherer." Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, Michael Drayton, and Robert Burton also allude to this superstition.

Cardinal Juan de Lugo (1643), a Jesuit, introduced Peruvian bark and quinine into Europe from South America.

The practice of ringing a bell at the Elevation in the Mass, and also in front of a priest carrying the Viaticum to the sick, originated with Cardinal Guy Paré (1190).

Cardinal Balue (1464) was imprisoned by Louis XI. eleven years in the Chateau de Loches, suspended part of the time in an iron cage in mid-air.

René de Birague (1578), who had been nominated to the Bishopric of Lavaur, but never consecrated, said of himself that he was "a Cardinal without a Title, a Bishop without a see, and a Chancellor without the seals."

I have reserved an account of the British *British Cardinals*. Cardinals to the last, and shall only mention their number, as a detailed account would occupy too much space. The English number 42 in all; the Scotch 2, and the Irish 4.

The twelfth century produced six English *Englishmen*. Cardinals, namely: Ulfrie (1107), Robert Bullen, or Pollen (1130), Nicholas Breakspeare—Pope Adrian IV. (1146), Geoffrey of Monmouth (1146), Boso Breakspeare (1155), and Herbert de Bosham (1178).

The thirteenth century produced seven, viz.: Stephen Langton (1212), Robert Curson (1212), Robert Summercote (1231), John Tolet (1244), Robert Kilwardby (1278), Hugh Black (1281), and Theobald Stamp (1288).

In the fourteenth century we also find seven: William Maresfield (1303), Walter Winterburn (1304), Thomas Joyce (1305), Simon Langham (1368), Adam Easton (1378), Thomas Theobald (1384), and William Courtenay (1384).

Seven again were created in the fifteenth century, namely: Philip Repington (1408), Thomas Langley (1411), Robert Hallum (1411), Henry Beaufort (1426), John Kemp (1439), Thomas Bourchier (1464), and John Morton (1493).

In the sixteenth century the number fell to six: Christopher Bainbridge (1511), Thomas Wolsey (1515), B. John Fisher (1535), Reginald Pole (1536), William Peto (1557), and William Allen (1587).

We only find one in the seventeenth century: Philip Thomas Howard (1675), and one only in the eighteenth: Henry Benedict, Duke of York (1747).

The nineteenth century supplied seven: Thomas Weld



(1830), Charles Acton (1839), Nicholas Wiseman (1850), Henry Edward Manning (1875), Edward Henry Howard (1877), John Henry Newman (1879), and Herbert Vaughan (1893).

Henry Noris (1695), a native of Verona, although English by name and descent, can scarcely be reckoned among our Cardinals.

*Scotsmen.* The two Scotch Cardinals are David Beaton (1538), and Charles Erskine, of Cambo (1801).

*Irishmen.* The Irish members of the Sacred College have been four, including the Archbishop of Sydney. They are: Paul Cullen (1866), Edward MacCabe (1882), David Logue (1893), and Patrick Francis Moran (1885).

*Canadian.* Elzéar Taschereau (1886) is the only Canadian.

*Americans.* The United States has produced John McCloskey (1875), and James Gibbons (1886).

*Two Brothers.* Formerly it was not permissible for two brothers to be members of the Sacred College during each other's life-time; but His Holiness Leo XIII. appears to have departed from this rule, when he admitted the brothers Vannutelli.

*Mourning.* Cardinals when in mourning wear violet.

## PART II.

*The Red Hat.* A Cardinal's arms are always surmounted by a Red Hat, the only exception being for the Patriarchs of Lisbon, who by some special privilege substitute a tiara instead. If the bearer be of Royal or noble birth, he places a coronet expressive of his rank above the shield; but the Hat must always overtop it, even if it be a Royal crown. Many of the Austro-Hungarian Archbishoprics and German Bishoprics confer princely rank on the holders, hence their right to use a Prince's coronet, even when they are of plebeian origin. In France, before the Revolution, the sees of Rheims, Langres, and Laon conferred in the same way a Dukedom and peerage, and the sees of Beauvais, Chalons, and Noyon a Countship and peerage. But in Republican France of the present day it seems strange to see Cardinals of humble parentage sporting ducal coronets over their arms.

The Red Hat, instituted in 1245, was in its earliest shape

like an inverted basin pierced in two places for cords to pass through and tie under the chin if required. Both ends of these two cords terminated with a ball or tassel. As time wore on these tassels increased in number, and the Hat assumed a low crown and a very broad brim.

In the fourteenth century the cords being long were knotted, and these knots by a species of evolution developed into little round balls; these in turn were eventually transformed into tassels. At the stage when they were merely balls, the cords came to be crossed in a curious web-like fashion, much resembling what children call a "cat's cradle." This obtained till late in the fifteenth century, and I am inclined to fix that period for the adoption of the present systematic arrangement of regular tiers of tassels. These tiers, arranged after the shape of a pyramid, beginning with one tassel at the top and increasing with an additional tassel to each successive row, numbered three in the *cinquecento*; but they were afterwards augmented and reached five,—the present regulation number. The five tiers consist of fifteen tassels, or *fiocchi*, as they are termed in Italy. However, there has always been, and is still, much latitude in regard to the number, apparently according to the pleasure of individual Cardinals, or of the artists they employ.

The three-tier arrangement (6 tassels) has prevailed the longest of any, and been the favourite one in Italy, and also in Germany.

Four tiers (10 tassels) are occasionally met with in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Five tiers have found favour in England and in France for the past four hundred years. In a copy of a Sarum Missal, dated 1500, belonging to Lord Spencer, Cardinal Morton's arms are represented beneath a Hat having five rows of tassels.

At least two examples are known of six rows (21 tassels). One belongs to Cardinal Wolsey; Cardinal Potier de Gesvres (1719) is responsible for the other.

Before the use of the Hat, Cardinals bore their arms on a simple shield and *not* surmounted by a mitre, as Ciaconius pretends. This is manifestly so on the tomb of Cardinal Gonsálvo Rodríguez (1298) in the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore, and on other early tombs in Rome; it is moreover the opinion of the learned Antonio Cartari, in lib. iii. cap. 2, of his *Prodomo Gentilizio*. One last word on the Hat. Although instituted

in 1245, it was not placed over a coat-of-arms until the following century, and the custom is said to have originated in Spain.

If the Cardinal is a Bishop, a cross  
*Episcopal Cross.* is placed above his arms under the Hat, and if an Archbishop, the cross has a double horizontal bar.

The Pallium is usually placed by Italian  
*The Pallium.* and French Archbishops above the shield also, and partly overlapping it; but sometimes it is represented encircling or even suspended below it.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York exhibited the Pallium in the arms of their respective sees, which they impaled on the dexter side of their personal arms. Cardinals Cullen, Logue, and Vaughan revived the practice.

Mottoes have been occasionally used by  
*Mottoes.* Cardinals for centuries past, but it was not until the nineteenth century that they became pretty general in all countries, excepting Italy. The Italians, strange to say, seldom use them.

The motto is commonly placed on a scroll below the shield. Sometimes two are adopted.

Supporters are very rarely seen, for I do  
*Supporters.* not take into account the flying *amoretti* so much in favour with *rococo* artists. Ten Cardinals, to my knowledge, have used heraldic supporters. I will mention Jean Rolin (1448) who had two Savages; Charles de Bourbon (1476) two Angels; Thomas Wolsey, two Griffins, per fesse gules and argent, each holding a staff of office or. Two Men armed cap-a-pie supported Cardinal Ledochowski's arms (1875), and two Lions crowned or, each holding a banner, Cardinal Schönborn's (1889).

If supporters are rare, crests are still  
*Crests.* rarer. Three or four German Cardinals of high nobility make a magnificent display of Crests, each crest surmounting a separate helmet. Cardinal Wolsey's crest, as shown in Harl. MS. 4,632, is a leopard's face azure, langued gules, holding an arrow fesswise, between its teeth, and it is placed on a ducal coronet.

John Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury,  
*Badges.* adopted a Tun inscribed *mor*, as a Badge, or Rebus on his name. In the sixteenth

century, nearly all the Italian Cardinals, and a few others, used emblems and mottoes.

*Orders of Knighthood.* Crosses and stars of Orders are suspended below the shield, excepting the Crosses of the Orders of Malta and Calatrava, which are always placed behind it, the extremities alone visibly projecting.

*Arms.* The arms of Cardinals may be divided into two categories: hereditary and adopted, according respectively to the aristocratic or plebeian birth of the bearer.

Of hereditary or Family Arms I will say but little, as they call for no special remark. I regret however that when there have been two or more Cardinals of the same noble family, as frequently happens in Italy, there has so seldom been any distinctive mark to identify the arms of one from another. A notable exception is found in the bearings of Cardinal Angelo Jacobini (1882), who, as he did me the honour to inform me, impaled his paternal coat with that of his mother's family, in order to distinguish it from the arms of his cousin, Cardinal Luigi, the Secretary of State, who bore the arms of Jacobini without any addition.

*Marks of Cadency.* Marks of cadency are unknown in Italy. His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli graciously informed me in 1892, that he and his brother, Cardinal Serafino, bore the same arms without any distinction, not thinking it necessary to make an alteration in their ancient family bearings. In England, on the other hand, we find Cardinal Langley (1411) using the mullet, the mark of the third son; and Cardinals Beaufort and the Duke of York, the crescent for the second son. When the Cardinal of York became the head of the House of Stuart in 1788, he omitted this crescent, which till then he had borne on the Royal Arms.

*Canting Arms.* A good example of canting arms is that of Cardinal Pellevé's (1570), representing a man's head in profile with his hair standing on end, the name of Pellevé being a contraction of *poil levé*, hair erect. The Cardinal's death had a singular connection with the arms he bore. Lying ill in bed, when Henry IV. entered Paris, and hearing that his house was surrounded by soldiers who had come to arrest him, he died of fright.

Of allusive arms Cardinal Boyer's (1895) *Allusive Arms.* are a good specimen. He bore: or, a chevron between three carpenter's planes gules, to denote that he was a carpenter's son.

The arms adopted by Cardinals who have *Adopted Arms.* no family arms of their own, are of two classes: heraldic and pictorial. By heraldic I mean such as can be correctly described in the language of blazonry, and accurately depicted from a description only by any one versed in the science. As a rule, the pictorial hardly conform with the rules of heraldry, and are therefore sometimes difficult to draw from a description. For instance, Cardinal Pie, the famous Bishop of Poitiers, bore azure, the Black Virgin of the Pillar of Chartres argent. Well, how is it possible for a person who has never visited Chartres or seen a copy of the Bishop's arms to give a correct representation of them? Cardinal Monescillo, Archbishop of Toledo, had a pictorial representation of the Immaculate Conception with floating angels and clouds *ad libitum*. Cardinal Steinhuber (1893) has chosen a landscape, with a stream of water flowing from some rocks, and a hand pointing from heaven. But the hardest nut to crack for the herald is the shield of another Archbishop of Toledo, the late Cardinal Paya y Rico, which is an agglomeration of charges of the most fanciful description. Happily not all adopted arms are so provoking, and the greater number conform with the rules of heraldry.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, appears to have assumed three different *Three Arms for one Cardinal.* coats-of-arms at different times. His Eminence, writing to me in 1886, sent me the following arms stamped on his letter-paper: azure, a seated figure of our Lady holding the Divine Child. *Motto:* AUSPICE MARIA. Enclosed in his letter was the wax impression of: "my private seal which I have seldom used." The arms thereon, somewhat indistinct, appear to be: gules, a paschal lamb; on a chief three mullets. When I was in Rome in 1887, I beheld over the portal of his Eminence's titular Church of S. Maria in Trastevere, yet another coat-of-arms, viz., azure, a terrestrial globe in base, surmounted in chief by a dove volant downwards argent, nimbed or. *Motto:* EMITTE SPIRITUM TUUM.

Augmentations and modifications sometimes occur. Cardinal Place (1886) added a fesse ermine to his arms when he was translated from the see of Marseilles to that of Rennes. Cardinal Lecot added a quartering when translated from Dijon to Bordeaux. When Cardinal Vaughan became Archbishop of Westminster, he impaled his paternal arms with the pallium and cross on a gules field, for Westminster, and also changed his motto. Under Napoleon I., the French Cardinals who were created Counts and Senators, added special quarterings indicative of their new rank in the Empire. Thus Cardinal de Cambacérés (1803) added to his arms a canton azure, charged with a mirror erect in pale or, a serpent argent, winding around the handle thereof; but he omitted this canton after the Bourbon Restoration.

German and Austrian Archbishops and Bishops usually impale the arms of their see with their own. So did the English pre-Reformation Episcopacy, and in France before the Revolution the six Spiritual Peers—namely: the Archbishop-Dukes of Rheims, the Bishop-Dukes of Langres and Laon, and the Bishop-Counts of Beauvais, Chalons, and Noyon, did the same.

Religious impale their personal arms with those of their Order, the latter occupying the dexter side. Sometimes, instead of being impaled, the arms of the Order are placed on a chief, in a quarter, or on an escutcheon of pretence.

In the sixteenth century arose the practice for Cardinals to impale the arms of the Pope who had created them with their own. This custom began under Leo X., and lasted nearly a hundred years. Afterwards the impalement of the Pope's arms became restricted to members of the Papal Household—such as the Majordomo—and it is their privilege at the present day. The arms of Luigi del Drago (1832), Majordomo under three successive Popes, may be found impaled with those of each one of these Pontiffs.

It has been customary in recent times for the Patriarchs of Venice to surmount their arms with the winged lion of St. Mark on a chief in augmentation, and Pope Pius X., when he was Patriarch, maintained this usage, the arms of His Holiness being: azure, an anchor in pale argent, issuing from waves of the sea in base, and surmounted in chief by a star of six points;



on a chief of the second, a lion of St. Mark. Or to quote Cardinal Sarto's own words, in his gracious letter to me, dated Venice, 14 December, 1894:

"Ecco soddisfatto il suo desiderio. Il Leone di S. Marco è in campo d'argento. L'ancora pesca in onde tranquille. La stella a sei punte in campo celeste."

G. A. BOUVIER.

### *The Encyclical on St. Gregory.*

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Is it that the splendid example of St. Gregory the Great has for years back been a subject of affectionate study and meditation with our new Pope, or is it that the occurrence of this thirteenth centenary, just at the beginning of his Pontificate, has directed his mind to a source whence so much valuable guidance can be derived by one called, greatly against his own will, to take upon himself the burden of a twentieth-century Pontificate? It is a question we do not need to answer, but Pius X. himself assures us, in the opening paragraph of his beautiful and practical Encyclical, that he accepts the impressive reminder at this opportune moment, as a truly providential aid to support him in his difficult task.

By that God who killeth and maketh alive, who humbleth and exalteth, it was ordained not, We think, without a special providence, that amid all the anxieties which the government of the Universal Church imposes upon Us, . . . Our gaze at the beginning of Our Pontificate should be turned at once towards that most holy and illustrious predecessor of Ours, the honour of the Church and its glory. For Our heart is filled with great confidence in his most holy intercession with God, and strengthened by the memory of the sublime maxims he inculcated in his lofty office and of the virtues practised by him. And since by the force of the former and the fruitfulness of the latter he has left on God's Church a mark so vast, so deep, so lasting, that his contemporaries and posterity have justly given him the name of Great, and to-day, after all these centuries, the eulogy of his epitaph is verified: "He lives eternal in every place by his innumerable good works," it will surely be given, with the help of divine grace, to all followers of his wonderful example, to fulfil the duties of their own offices, as far as human weakness permits.

In the words of Gibbon, in a well-known passage, "the progress of Christianity has been marked by two glorious and decisive victories: over the learned and luxurious citizens of the Roman Empire, and over the warlike inhabitants of Scythia and Germany, who subverted the Empire and embraced the

religion of the Romans." It was in the course of the sixth century that the task of achieving this second victory was laid upon the Church, and Gregory, more than any one else, was the leader providentially appointed to undertake it. During the fifth and sixth centuries the Imperial power had been steadily losing its hold on the Western world, and the northern races, out of whom the modern nationalities were to be formed, had been as steadily settling down in the territories they had overrun. First had come the Vandals, who, however, made no permanent settlement in Europe, but after raiding Gaul and Spain finally established themselves in Western Africa. The Visigoths had come next, and had established themselves in South-Western France and Spain, in the early years of the fifth century. The Franks, the Alemanni, and Burgundians had shortly after possessed themselves of Northern France; the Jutes, Saxons, and Anglians had overrun our own isle towards the end of the fifth century. Italy, which had for some time past suffered from the transitory irruptions of Huns, Vandals, and Visigoths, fell about the same time under the sway of the Ostrogoths, whose leaders—Odoacer, Theodoric, and their successors—from 476 onwards took the title of Kings of Italy, nominally by the wish of the Eastern Emperor, but in reality as independent sovereigns. These Ostrogoths ruled unopposed till near the middle of the sixth century, when the Emperor Justinian woke up to the state of Italy, and sent over the famous generals, Belisarius and Narses, to re-establish his authority there. Belisarius met with a vigorous resistance from the Kings Vitiges, Totila, and Teias, but by 553 the Ostrogoth rule came to an end, giving place to that of the Exarchs of Ravenna, the viceroys of the Emperor. It was not long, however, before another and more terrible race of Teutonic origin arrived to dispute with the Empire its newly-recovered sovereignty. These were the Lombards, who under their King Alboin took Milan and Pavia, and made the latter city into the seat of a new Italian sovereignty. These Lombards did not entirely deprive the Empire of the territory it had recovered; they left the Exarchs a precarious sovereignty over certain districts, including Ravenna, Rome, and Naples, but took over the regions now called Lombardy and a smaller region in the extreme south. Still they were the predominating power during a period of two centuries, and were an abiding cause of disturbance and devastation in the Peninsula.

It must be understood that these Gothic invasions were not mere invasions but also immigrations. The invaders were tribes seeking for newer and richer abodes, and they came in their multitudes to settle down in the conquered territories, and to intermingle and fuse with those relics of the former population which had remained after war, famine, pestilence, and flight had played their havoc. It was this circumstance which created for the Church an order of things so entirely new, and caused the task before her to be nothing less than that of making a second Christendom in the West to take the place of the Christendom which had perished. The survivors indeed of the older population retained their Catholic faith, although sadly impaired by the break-up of parishes and dioceses, by the destruction of churches and monasteries, and by the dearth of priests, consequent on the ravages of the contending armies, or the persecutions of the half savage chieftains. But it was the invaders themselves who were destined to form the staple of the nations then in the process of foundation, and it was their conversion for which the Church must strive, if they were to grow into the splendid Catholic nations which in fact they eventually became. At the time they were—with the exception of the Franks, whose King, Clovis, had been converted to orthodox Christianity in 476—not pagans but Arians, the Christian religion having been first imparted to them in this spurious form by Ulfilas and other Arian missionaries in the reign of the Arian Emperor Valens. Their Arianism, however, does not seem to have exercised any very deep influence on their lives, and they were still largely infected with pagan ideas and superstitions. As for character they were what was to be expected in view of their antecedents. If at times unexpectedly generous or forbearing with their conquered foes, they were passionate and impetuous, and in the violent outbursts of their wrath capable of the direst cruelties. They were wild too and undisciplined in their morals, and had small control over their sensual inclinations. And yet, on the other hand, there was, proportionately, in them all that capacity for noble aspirations which Newman noted and so finely described as in the Saxons and Anglians.

To understand St. Gregory aright we must remember that he was born into the midst of these calamitous times, and felt their pressure from his youth upwards. For he was born in Rome somewhere about 540, he passed his childhood during

the years when Totila and Belisarius were contending with each other, and each ravaging the country he passed through; and he must even—unless he was sent elsewhere for the time—have had experience of more than one siege of the city itself. It was during his boyhood that the Franks came and went, and in his early manhood that the Lombards commenced their inroads, and the savage Alboin came near enough to fill the minds of the citizens with the dread of another siege. He came of a family, more than one member of which was noted for sanctity of life. One of them, St. Sylvia, was his mother who, we may be confident, watched over his early training with devoted care, a care rewarded from the first by the full response of a generous heart. Perhaps, therefore, the fearful conditions of the times were not required, and yet they must have powerfully contributed, to form in him a longing for the monastic life, with its more congenial atmosphere and its better opportunities of learning to place the heart's aspirations there where no earthly vicissitudes can disappoint them. It was to the Order of St. Benedict that his mind naturally turned, for the great father of monks had survived till a year or two after Gregory's birth, and his memory was fresh in the minds of a generation many of the older members of which had known him personally. Of such were Constantine, Valentinian, Simplician, and Honoratus, men highly placed in this Order, and esteemed among their brethren, whose counsels and instructions St. Gregory was fond of seeking in his youth, and from whom he gathered the many facts about the patriarch's life which he has set down in the second volume of his *Dialogues*. Accordingly, after he had first filled for a year or two with general approval the office of Prætor Urbis, he felt that the time had come for carrying out his cherished purpose. His father's recent death had left him the free disposal of ample means, and with these he founded six monasteries in Sicily and one in Rome, distributing the residue among the poor. The house he founded in Rome had been his father's palace, and now became the famous monastery of St. Andrew on the Cœlian Hill, so dear to English Catholics as being the house from which St. Augustine and his companions went forth on their mission to King Ethelbert. It was into this monastery that St. Benedict received the novice destined to become the most famous of all his sons.

How thoroughly he grew to love the life he had thus

embraced, and how it came to mould his entire being, may be gathered from the pathetic terms in which he was wont to refer back to it in after-days. Thus in the Preface to his *Dialogues*, written during his Pontificate, he says regretfully :

My unhappy soul, stricken as it were with a deep wound by the affairs which now absorb it, recollects what it once was in the monastery; how all things perishable lay beneath it, and how it rose superior to all that was transitory; how it was wont to meditate only on the things of Heaven, and even whilst held captive by the body it would pass by its contemplation through the bars of flesh; how death itself which to most mortals is felt as a punishment, was loved by it as the entrance into life and the reward of labour. But now on the contrary through the necessities of my pastoral solicitude it has to be troubled with the affairs of secular persons, and after having learnt to know the sweetness of a tranquil life, it is soiled with the dust of worldly occupations. When, too, for the sake of so many others, it has devoted itself to external work, even when returning it seeks again the exercises of the interior life, it finds itself unmistakably less ready for them. Thus I meditate on what I have to bear, and on what I have lost; and whilst I consider what I have lost, what I have to bear feels the heavier.

If, however, St. Gregory's attraction was for the seclusion and religious exercises of the monastery, the Church could not spare the talent for administration of which he seems to have already given a fine specimen during his tenure of the prætorship. Whilst yet in the first year of his religious life, Pope Benedict I. insisted on making him one of the seven regionaries, or deacons entrusted with the care of the seven "regions" into which the city had been ecclesiastically divided. It was to this period of his life that the incident belongs of his noticing the fair-haired Anglian boys in the Roman slave-market, and the consequent resolve, so tenaciously held to throughout his life, to provide for the conversion of our nation. He had wished, as it is known, to go in person and at once as a missionary to England, and would have carried out his intention, had not the people of Rome found him too precious to part with. Still they had to lose him for a while shortly afterwards, for in 578 he was sent to Constantinople by Pelagius II. as his *apocrisiarius*, or, as we should say, legate. Whilst the Lombards were incessantly ravaging Italy, the Exarchs of Ravenna, unwilling to renew the warfare by which they had overthrown the Goths, had relapsed into indifference,



secure themselves behind the walls of Ravenna ; nor could the Emperor at Constantinople, misled by the interestedly optimistic reports of the Exarchs, be induced to intervene again for the restoration of peace. Hence, neither were the suffering subjects of the Empire provided with the means of armed resistance, nor allowed to make a treaty with their Lombard oppressors. It was as an extreme measure to arouse the Emperor Maurice from his apathy that Gregory was sent to his Court. He went, but it must have been a sore trial to him to have to exchange his quiet life for the life of a Court ; still he took some of his fellow-monks with him, and together they kept up the exercises of the monastery in the portion of the palace assigned for their residence. The mission was partially successful in its primary object, and it had the further good result of making Gregory acquainted with the persons and methods of those with whom in his Pontifical days he would often have to deal. Among these are to be reckoned, not only the Byzantines themselves, but such others as St. Leander, the great Spanish Bishop, who through his influence on his two royal pupils, Hermenegild and Reccared, was so instrumental in bringing about the conversion of the Spanish Visigoths from Arianism to Catholicism.

His stay in Constantinople lasted six years, that is, till 584, and on his return to Rome he was elected Abbot by his brethren at St. Andrea, and was also employed by Pelagius II. as his Secretary. It was thus he came to be the author of some letters written in Pelagius's name to the schismatic Bishops of Istria, which are valuable for their exposition of the real concord between the Fourth and Fifth General Councils in the matter of the Three Chapters.

But the time was now come for Gregory to take upon his own shoulders the burden of the Pontificate. In 589 excessive rains caused the Tiber to overflow its banks and inundate a wide area. This flood was serious enough in itself, and destroyed many ancient buildings, but still more serious was the pestilence afterwards engendered by the stagnant waters. People were attacked by it suddenly and perished in great numbers, whole families being carried off at once. Among its victims Pelagius II. was one of the earliest, and the eyes of all turned to Gregory, the more so as he was very conspicuous at the time for his devotedness in ministering to the poor sufferers. It is not surprising that at such a time he should have been aghast at the prospect of having to steer the ship of

the Church through waters so stormy and dangerous—that “old ship,” as he described it, “so woefully shattered, with the waters entering in on every side, and the joists grown rotten and foreboding shipwreck.” But his chief anxiety was due to the deep sense of the personal deficiency which his humility made him feel. And so when the Emperor, refusing to listen to his remonstrances, sent his cordial approbation of the choice of the Roman clergy and people, he even went to the extreme of flying from Rome and taking refuge in some neighbouring woods. He was discovered however and brought back to the city, when at last he recognized that it was the call of God, and allowed himself to be consecrated. It may seem a strange thing that he should have had recourse on this occasion to so desperate an expedient as flight, and his friend John, the Archbishop of Ravenna, wrote to remonstrate with him on his faintheartedness. This fact needs to be mentioned, for it led to Gregory’s writing his *Liber Regulæ Pastoralis*, which is in form a defence of his reluctance to accept the Papacy, and is in substance a magnificent treatise on the spirit and duties of a true Pastor, a treatise which was highly esteemed and extensively used throughout the Middle Ages, and of which it has been said with much justice, that “it made the Bishops who made the modern nations.”

This short outline may suffice to give an idea of the appalling situation which confronted the new Pope in 590, and of the antecedents through which he had been prepared for his task. To show us how he accomplished it, we have in his fourteen books of Letters a wealth of materials such as is not obtainable for the life of any other Pope either before him or for a considerable time after him. They are more than eight hundred in number, are addressed to persons of every condition and in all countries, and not only supply a first-hand evidence of his wishes and transactions, but give a vivid delineation of his character, of his intense spirituality and rectitude, of the breadth and depth of his pastoral solicitude, of his insight, prudence, and tact, of his firmness and determination, of his tenderness and compassion, of his generous charity and striking personal humility.

As regards this last-mentioned virtue, it is curious that his disavowal even for himself of the title of Universal Bishop should have caused him to be represented as repudiating the

notion of a universal jurisdiction in his See. It was the high-sounding title alone which he disliked, for his Letters not only contain direct assertions that all Bishops without distinction are subject to his See, but exhibit him throughout as in the full exercise of unlimited authority over Bishops, in the East no less than in the West. Indeed, it is just this "solicitude of all the Churches" which is so remarkable in him, and which set the type to his successors with a fulness in which it had never been set before.

In the first place, we find him solicitous about the temporal evils of the people of Rome, indeed of the whole of Italy. As we have seen, they were the victims of the pestilence and of the swords of the Lombards; and, above all, they were without defenders or even rulers. Gregory set to work to supply these needs. For such a purpose he did not hesitate to draw largely upon the goods of the Patrimony of St. Peter, until he seemed to be providing food and the means of living for the whole people in their distressed state. Further, he set to work to organize their defence, and collected troops of his own to oppose the Lombards. He even tried, and with much success, to conciliate their leaders, Ariolph and Arogi, and when through the perversity of the Exarch their wrath, and that of their King, Agilulph, was rekindled afresh, and the latter came in person to lay siege to Rome, Gregory, like his great predecessor, St. Leo, went forth to meet him, and on the steps of St. Peter's, then outside the city, so impressed the rough monarch and his generals, that they forebore their meditated vengeance, and after entering into a truce with the Pontiff returned to their homes with a respect for him never afterwards lost. The truce, after various vicissitudes for which again the perversity of the Exarch and of the Emperor was responsible, eventually ripened into a peace, and even led to the conversion of the Lombard race. For Agilulph was married to the Catholic Queen, Theodolinda, whose influence on behalf of orthodoxy had already been exercised over her husband, and who, now that he had conceived such a respect for Gregory, was enabled in collaboration with the Pontiff to obtain his leave for the free evangelization of those parts, and even for the baptism of his son, Adoaldus. Thus, though Agilulph himself never became a Catholic, the nation was gradually won over, and by the end of Gregory's Pontificate could be reckoned as a Catholic nation. It was, too, through Gregory's labours for the pacification of Italy, labours undertaken in no spirit of revolt

against the Emperor's authority, but simply because there was no one else to undertake the office, that he became practically the civil as well as the spiritual ruler of the central portion of the Peninsula, and laid the foundation of the Temporal Power.

Next his letters reveal him as labouring with wonderful diligence for the spiritual restoration of Italy. They show him rebuilding churches that were in ruins, re-endowing churches that had been plundered, recalling clergy to churches that had been abandoned, appointing bishops to churches long left vacant or, when this was impossible, committing their flocks to the care of some neighbouring bishop or Papal *Defensor*. Nor was he content with merely filling up vacancies, so that the faithful might nowhere be without clergy to minister to them; "like an Argus full of light," says Pius X., citing the words of John the Deacon, one of the Saint's early biographers, "he moved all round the eyes of his pastoral solicitude" to discover and correct the failings and negligences of the clergy, and thereby to watch over the people. Letter after letter of those preserved to us bears witness to the burning zeal he sought to inspire into their hearts, the sorrow he felt at any breach of the sacred canons, or declension from the high standard of priestly life; and with what strenuousness, mingled with tenderness, he strove to reform the offenders. And as with the Bishops and clergy, so with the monks and their Abbots. He had been a monk himself, and could appreciate the value of the religious life, and he looked to it to play an important part in the general work of spiritual reform and progress. Hence we have a similar series of letters in which we see him providing now for the well-being of the monastic buildings, now for the maintenance of discipline within their walls, now laying down the general principles which still endure as the basis of all subsequent legislation, now applying the principles to individual cases—all with the wisdom and insight of one who understood, and with a fervour which did not fail to prove contagious.

His conception of his relation to the more distant Churches is expressed in his words to the Bishop of Bysacium: "I know not what Bishop is not subject to (the Apostolic See), if any fault is found in Bishops. But when no fault requires it all are equal, according to the estimation of humility." In other words, "as long as a Bishop, wherever he may be, governs aright, it is not mine to meddle with him, but if he is guilty of fault it is my duty to intervene." And it is thus his letters exhibit

him acting in regard to the more distant Churches, especially those in the East ; for in the West, which belonged to his own patriarchate, his intervention was less restricted.

As regards results, however, one cannot but contrast the difference of spirit in which his intervention was received in the East and in the West. Though, as St. Gregory himself states, his authority over the Eastern Churches was, so far as words went, distinctly recognized even by the Bishops of Constantinople themselves, yet the disease of Erastianism was there prevalent, and in practice these prelates of the royal city were persistently endeavouring to secure their own autonomy, and usurping supremacy over all Eastern Churches. Could they but have foreseen the *nemesis* which was already impending over them. Even whilst they were engaged in their controversy with Gregory over their foolish claims to be called Universal Bishops, that false Prophet was growing up to manhood who in the person of his successors, was so soon to snatch from the Eastern Church its fairest provinces, and eventually, by overthrowing the Empire, to deprive the ambitious see of the basis on which its pretensions rested.

But to pass to the Western nations which, strong in their union with the See of Peter, were destined to become the one salvation of Christendom against the advancing tide of Islamism.

Of England it is not necessary to speak, for we all know well the history of what Gregory did for us. In the kingdoms under Frankish rule, although they had been Catholic since the time of Clovis, it could not be said that the Churches were in a satisfactory state. Two particular defects are noted by St. Gregory in his letters to the Frankish sovereigns and Bishops. When bishoprics were vacant, not unfrequently laymen, anxious to succeed, were forthwith tonsured and elevated to the requisite Orders, although they had received no previous preparation for the sacred ministry. Moreover, appointments to benefices were habitually vitiated by simoniacal transactions. It was what was to be expected in countries still only half civilized, but it is easy to estimate the disasters to religion which flowed from such causes. Gregory strove to remove these evils by strengthening the bonds between the Frankish Churches and his own See, and by appointing for this purpose certain prelates to be his Vicars with authority over all the rest, as well as by entrusting certain visitatorial rights to

his *defensors* who superintended the public possessions of his Patrimony ; and then by a persistent correspondence with these his agents, and with the Frankish sovereigns—of the same kind as we have noted in his dealings with the Churches of Italy.

In Spain the conversion of the Visigoths had commenced just before Gregory's accession to the Pontificate. King Leogeuild, the Arian persecutor of his eldest son Hermenegild and of those of his subjects who had followed this prince in embracing Catholicism, had died in 589, repentant at the last for what he had done, and exhorting St. Leander, who had converted the martyred Hermenegild, to convert also his younger son Reccared, now about to succeed him. Reccared proved a willing pupil to the instructions of St. Leander, and on his conversion the general conversion of his people quickly followed ; and in a full Council held at Toledo Reccared was joined by many of his Bishops and nobles in a solemn profession of the Catholic faith, in their own name and that of the nation. The news of this happy event was at once announced to Gregory in a letter from his old friend Leander, and gave him much consolation. But though the work of national conversion was thus felicitously begun, much remained to be done in order to extend and consolidate it, and in this further work Gregory, in co-operation with St. Leander, King Reccared, and his own legates whom he sent into the country, was as active and prudent as in the other countries of the newly forming Christendom.

We must pass over his work in converting the pagans who till his days still remained in Sicily ; in putting an end to the Donatist schism in Africa, and reducing that of the adherents of the Three Chapters in Northern Italy and Istria ; we must pass over also, though very pertinent at this moment, his labours in revising the Church's Liturgy and Office, and in establishing and improving the sacred chant, which came afterwards to be called by his name. But enough has been said to enable the reader to understand in what sense our present Pontiff sums up, as he has done in his Encyclical, the results of that short but energetic Pontificate.

Truly wonderful was the work he was able to effect during his reign of little more than thirteen years. He was the restorer of Christian life in its entirety, stimulating the devotion of the faithful, the observance of the monks, the discipline of the clergy, the pastoral solicitude of the Bishops. . . . With princes and people docile to his



words the world regained true salvation, and put itself on the path of a civilization which was noble and plentiful in blessings in proportion as it was founded on the incontrovertible dictates of reason and moral discipline, and derived its force from truths divinely revealed, and from the maxims of the Gospel.

And again—

So salutary and so efficacious was his action that the memory of the works wrought by him became deeply impressed on the minds of the subsequent generations, especially during the Middle Age, which breathed, so to speak, the atmosphere created by him, fed on his words, conformed its life and manners according to the example inculcated by him, with the result that Christian social civilization was happily introduced into the world in opposition to the Roman civilization of the preceding centuries, which now passed away for ever.

And once more—

Gregory succeeded in his own times in strenuously stimulating this spirit of energetic action, and such was the impulse given by him that the same spirit was kept alive during the succeeding ages: (so that) the whole mediæval period bears what may be called the Gregorian stamp; almost everything it had came to it from the Pontiff—the rules of ecclesiastical government, the manifold phases of charity and philanthropy in its social institutions, the principles of the most perfect Christian asceticism and of the monastic life, the arrangement of the liturgy and the art of sacred music.

Pius X.'s Encyclical, as was remarked at the commencement of this article and as is apparent from its text, is intended not merely to commemorate the life's work of his great predecessor, but to point out to us the lessons which from the study of that life's work he has gathered for his own use, and desires to put in practice during his Pontificate. He notes a parallelism between the state of the world when St. Gregory began to reign and that to which it has returned now; between the results which St. Gregory was able to accomplish and those for which he desires himself to work: between the helplessness in regard to all human conditions of success in which St. Gregory then was, and the similar helplessness in which he now finds himself in the face of the modern world; and yet, on the other hand, between the Divine aids which can be counted on not less now than then.

When we look around from the walls of the Vatican, We find that, like Gregory, and perhaps with even more reason than he, We have grounds for fear, with so many storms gathering on every side,

with so many hostile forces massed and advancing against Us, and at the same time so utterly deprived as We are of all human aid to ward off the former and to help us to meet the shock of the latter. But when We consider the place on which Our feet rest and on which this Pontifical See is founded, We feel Ourselves perfectly safe on the rock of Holy Church. "For who does not know," wrote St. Gregory, to the Patriarch Eulogius of Alexandria, "that Holy Church stands on the solidity of the Prince of the Apostles, who got his name from his firmness, for he was called Peter, from the word rock." Supernatural force has never during the flight of ages been found wanting in the Church, nor have Christ's promises failed; these remain to-day just as they were when they brought consolation to Gregory's heart—nay, they are endowed with even greater force for Us, having stood the test of centuries and so many changes of circumstances and events.

The root-error of the present age is of course quite unlike that of the age of St. Gregory, and Pius X. finds it in the general disposition to deny the supernatural: "The entire supernatural order is denied, and as a consequence, the divine intervention in the order of creation and in the government of the world and in the possibility of miracles: and when all these are taken away the foundations of the Christian religion are necessarily shaken." For this denial of the supernatural being assumed as a first principle enters as a presupposition into philosophy and criticism and vitiates their processes; and so it comes to pass that the force of Christian evidence is undermined, and even the reality of the future life is called in question. As a consequence, the moral life of individuals and of civil society is deplorably injured; for if you take away the principle that there is something divine outside this visible world, you take away all check upon unbridled passions, since civil authority when unaided by religion is powerless to restrain them, and then the plague of depravity soon begins to triumph on all sides, and people grow discontented with everything, proclaim the right to act as they please, and stir up rebellions, provoke revolutions, and overthrow all rights human and divine.

To oppose these evils Pius X. does not rely too much upon pitting arguments against arguments. That must be done, of course, but the principal aim which he sets before himself, and recommends to the Bishops (to whom, formally, his letter is addressed), is "to revive with all the energy of (their) souls, and all the means at (their) disposal this supernatural life in every branch of society—in the poor working-man who earns his

morsel of bread with the sweat of his brow from morning to night, and in the great men of the earth who preside over the destiny of nations." In other words, he would meet the denial of the supernatural by the exhibition of the supernatural. He would have the Bishops and clergy strain every nerve to implant in the hearts of their people, and bring to maturity as widely and as fully as possible, that wonderful life which, whilst it is what is most profitable to the Catholic people themselves, is also what is best calculated to draw others into their ranks, seeing that it never fails to excite admiration when it is witnessed, and to proclaim its divine origin by the height to which it elevates our poor weak human nature.

The remainder of the Encyclical is an exhortation to the Bishops, setting before them what they must aim at in their own lives and preaching, and what formation they must strive to give to their young Levites. And whilst one reads this part of the letter one cannot but feel that it is itself one of those fervent utterances of which St. Gregory the Great set the type, and which, in his case, were the means on which he chiefly relied for "restoring all things in Christ."

S. F. S.

### *Birdstuffer and Confectioner.*

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"I WILL not trespass upon your kindness any longer," said the interviewer. "Thank you for giving me so much information. It is all extremely interesting. When I consider this splendid, this magnificent business, this veritable beehive of workers, and then remember that thirty-five years ago you were absolutely penniless, I——"

"Wish you stood in my shoes, eh?" interrupted Mr. James Rendall, impatiently. "I am sorry I cannot spare you any more time just now."

The interviewer rose to go. At the door he hesitated a moment:—"Your parents died when you were a boy," he murmured, "so it was your aunt who——"

"Apprenticed me to a baker? Yes. Good morning."

The great man turned to the telephone and rang furiously: "That fellow who went out just now," he said, "why did you admit him? Couldn't you see what he was after? Please use more discrimination in future. And—are you there?—I want to be quite undisturbed for half an hour. At the end of that time you may send Manners to me with the cheques."

He walked across to the office window and looked out at the narrow side-street, and at the long row of vans—his own vans, for they had "James Rendall, General and Provision Dealer," printed on them in large, red letters. Certainly it was wonderful how his venture had succeeded; how, from a small concern, it had grown bigger and bigger, until it was now "the thing" to buy from Rendall's, and money came rolling in almost as fast as it could be invested. Moreover, the owner of all this wealth was not yet fifty, was still, presumably, capable of enjoying it, though his hair was grey and his face worn.

Very worn and weary he looked this March morning, with nothing of that air of prosperous, well-fed complacency which so often marks the successful business man. A ray of faint sunshine fell athwart the dingy street, resting on a ragged little Italian with monkey and organ who had ventured down it in quest of coppers. "Garn!" cried one of the vanmen roughly,

but Mr. Rendall knocked authoritatively on the pane: "Leave him alone," he shouted; then, opening the window, threw the lad sixpence.

"Thirty-five years ago to-day," he said, "I, too, was twelve years old."

He sat down in an armchair and let his thoughts fly whither they would. With a bound, they leapt the thirty-five years and were back with a certain little Jim, walking along the high-road to Colchester one breezy spring day. The playful wind lifted the cap from his head and blew it into a copse by the wayside, and he was forced to give chase. The soft, mossy turf felt springy under his feet, and now and again a heavy, damp drop from the trees fell on his upturned face. Rain had fallen in the night, but now, through the brown branches thick with buds ready to burst, he could see a stretch of blue sky, with little fleecy white clouds chasing each other across it. Jim was light of heart. The future, a closed book with a beautiful binding, lay before him waiting to be opened. He was going into the great world to seek his fortune; for his aunt had apprenticed him to a confectioner in the distant town, and that very morning had packed him off with a scanty bundle, and a dinner of bread and cheese in his pocket. He had said good-bye without regret. Poor child! The old village home had never been the same since his parents died. He was glad to go, glad to have done with harsh words, to escape the haunting memories that brought the tears into his eyes. At least he was free now; his own master if only for a day.

So he went leisurely forward, the joy of the open road upon him, in no haste to reach his journey's end. He ate his mid-day meal sitting on a gate, and lingered quite half an hour helping a good-natured farm-boy to feed his pigs. The sky was red behind the windmill by the time he gained the outskirts of the town. Several times he had to ask his way; but at last, as night was falling, he halted before a low, tumble-down door. By the aid of the flickering street-lamp, he read the sign:

ALFRED TICKLE, BIRDSTUFFER AND CONFECTIONER.

This was his new home. He knocked diffidently, and an old man peered out.

"Is it Mr. Alfred Tickle?" hazarded Jim.

"It is. An' if you're the new apprentice, you may step inside."

The voice was hoarse, but not unkind. With some trepidation, Jim crossed the threshold and found himself in a small, badly-lighted shop. On the counter lay a pile of old newspapers, a ball of thick string, a penknife, and a square wooden box full of sticky, brown toffy. The shelves round the walls were crowded with stuffed birds of every variety, together with cats, mice, rats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and little dogs. Over the door a large white owl, poised on one leg, surveyed the scene placidly with unblinking, glass eyes.

Jim's new employer hustled him through this enchanting fairyland into a tiny parlour behind, where a stout, red-faced, cheery old lady was bustling about getting tea.

"My wife," explained Mr. Tickle, with a grandiose wave of the hand.

They were an oddly-assorted couple. The husband was one of the thinnest men Jim had ever seen, abnormally pale, with a long, hooked nose like a hawk's beak, and large, flabby ears which he could move up and down at will.

Now began a strange life for the boy—strange, yet by no means unhappy. He was a sharp lad, and soon learnt to serve out halfpennyworths of acid drops and bull's-eyes to the youngsters of the neighbourhood as promptly as Mrs. Tickle herself. She considered him her especial property, and taught him everything she could, even to "dressing" the window with three jars of sweets, a plate of home-made buns, and six pennyworth of sponge-cakes from the big shop round the corner. She was careful to explain that the two trades of birdstuffing and confectionery were in no way mixed; and although she allowed Mr. Tickle to use part of the table even whilst she was rolling out her paste, she invariably fenced him off with a row of small objects—a jug or two, some tea-cups, a candlestick, and the family Bible. "No one shall say," she would declare, "as 'ow Alfred gets a-messin' in my cakes with 'is 'stuffy' fingers."

These same skilful fingers little Jim was never tired of watching. It was so entralling to see a mere skin, stretched out flat, and split from end to end, gradually come back to life beneath their touch. He would have liked to try his own hand at it, but Mr. Tickle would not allow this, and kept the pepper and salt and alum carefully locked up. Thus baulked, Jim covered every scrap of paper that came in his way with strange beasts and birds. He found some clay, and tried to model little figures from it. But, most of all, he loved to carve. He saved



up for weeks to buy a really sharp pocket-knife ; and then, out of odd bits of wood, gnarled branches, and quaint stumps, which he picked up in the lanes, he would fashion squirrels, field-mice, a bird on its nest—all kinds of delightful shapes. He cuddled them under his ragged jacket, took them to bed with him, and woke early in the grey dawn to look at them. His great ambition was to make something "nearly alive." And he was a true little artist, working from sheer love of the work, for his own supreme joy and satisfaction, and needing no gaping audience to cry admiration.

One afternoon in early autumn, Mrs. Tickle gave Jim a holiday, and he spent it, as he best loved, in a long, solitary, country ramble. On his way home he rested on a grassy bank beneath a huge elm ; behind him, a yellow cornfield ; in front, a wooded slope, the leaves faintly tinged with red and gold. Restless, as usual, the boy peered about him ; then began grubbing at the roots of the bushes near, until he unearthed a stump of wood which somewhat resembled a bird's head. Jim looked at it meditatively and began whittling. What a long beak it had, long and hooked ; really not unlike Mr. Tickle's nose. An idea struck him ; his eyes sparkled mischievously, and he cut, and pared, and trimmed until he succeeded in producing a really passable likeness of his old master. At sight of the well-known poise of the head on the neck, the characteristic nose, he burst out laughing. A rustle near made him glance up. A gentleman was standing on the bank, surveying him with an interested smile. He looked like a tourist, for his boots were dusty as if he had walked far, and in his hands were some wayside plants he had been collecting.

"What have you there, boy," he asked. "You seem mightily amused." Jim held up his treasure.

"It is a sparrow hawk," said the stranger.

"An' a man too," returned Jim. "That's why I laughed."

"Well, it is certainly curious. I should like to take it home to my little girl. You shall have a shilling for it."

Jim's eyes glistened hungrily—a shilling was untold wealth to him ; then he said slowly, though with a catch in his voice : "I can't part with my new bird."

"As you like," said the stranger, looking at him sharply. "Come now, which is the nearest way to Colchester ? I've been out since morning, and am half famished."

"I'll show you." Jim jumped up promptly. "An' if you

want a meal—why, I live at a confectioner's." Loyal little apprentice that he was, he had an eye for business.

"Good," said the gentleman, who had noticed the child's struggle and subsequent disappointment. "Show me the way, quick, and you shall have your shilling all the same."

Jim chatted freely of his life and doings as they crossed the fields together, for he was a friendly little chap.

When they drew up before the establishment of Mr. Alfred Tickle, Birdstuffer and Confectioner, the stranger looked first astonished, then indignant, and finally, glancing at Jim's candid countenance, he burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Good heavens, lad!" he cried. "You don't surely expect me to eat anything here?"

"Why not?" said Jim, inclined to be offended. "'E allus sits t' other side o' the table an' never touches 'em. We baked fresh buns this morning—they're three in the winder still—an' she makes very good tea."

Without another word, his new friend pushed open the door and went in. He refused all offers of refreshments, certainly, but the quaint interior seemed to interest him, for he turned over everything, chatting amicably the while. The old birdstuffer's taciturnity vanished before the other's affable curiosity; Jim marvelled to see how the cadaverous face brightened; how the bent head was thrown back.

At length, after purchasing a stuffed goldfinch for his little girl, the gentleman turned to go. "He's not your child?" he said suddenly, designing Jim with his hand.

"No, sir," and a suspicious look came into the birdstuffer's eyes.

"Well, look here! I have taken a fancy to the lad. I own some large works up in town, and if he cares to come with me, he shall have a good place in my office and five shillings a week. Unless I am deceived, he will make a good business man."

Jim's eyes dilated. If someone had left him a million of money he would scarcely have been more impressed.

But Mr. Tickle's face grew very dark. He fixed his flashing eyes on Jim, and said hoarsely: "If you stay 'ere, I'll learn you to stuff."

A sharp conflict was going on in the boy's mind, though he was far from being fully conscious of the issues at stake. Mrs. Tickle, practical, worldly, cut the knot: "Whatever are you a-thinkin' of, Alfred?" she cried. "Stay 'ere, indeed!—"

when Providence throws five shillin' a week at 'is 'ead! I love 'im as my own son, an' I won't 'ave you stan' in 'is light."

Money and common-sense carried the day. Appalled, as it were, by his good luck, and with a sinking heart, Jim took train to London that very evening.

And Fortune, unaccountable Fortune, favoured him in the great, mysterious city, where a few make more than they need, and others lose all they have. Chance did much, but hard work and real business ability, perhaps, did more. Be that as it may, step by step he climbed the ladder of wealth, until at forty-seven he found himself at the top.

Ah! little did he dream of the future in store for him, when, a simple country lad, he started for Colchester five-and-thirty years ago.

Mr. James Rendall pressed his hand to his head, and turned to open his desk. From its inmost recess he drew out something that was carefully wrapped in several layers of paper. These removed, a bird's head came to light, skilfully formed out of a knob of oak. The beak was hooked, and the eyes had an inquisitive look, for all they were but holes. Where was the child who had carved this—the child whose one aim in life was to make something "nearly alive," and who would not part with his handiwork even for a bright silver shilling such as he had never before possessed? How distant now seemed the old castle, its breezy garden with the long vista; how distant the well-known streets, crowded on market-days with frightened, impatient cattle. Yet they were unchanged, even to the old shop that still retained its strange sign, "Birdstuffer and Confectioner," though its former owner had long been laid to rest. The boy alone had vanished—the boy with his light heart, big with vague dreams for the future, dreams in which money, worldly prosperity, and a humdrum, conventional life assuredly found no place. If to succeed were to be happy, he had not been successful. From time to time his crushed, artistic instincts would assert themselves, his passion for country sights and sounds, his love of solitude, above all his unconquerable dislike to routine, his longing for an untrammelled, roving life.

"At least I am rich," he said to himself, "even though I have not made something 'nearly alive.'" A smile, half sad, lighted up the habitual, settled melancholy of his features.

A knock at the door—Manners with the cheques. He shut down his roll top desk with a bang.

E. M. WALKER.

### *The Physiologus.*

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ONE of the most acceptable ways in which the Emperor, in the declining years of the Roman Empire, could court the favour of the motley Asiatic mob dignified by the title of the *Populus Romanus*, was by lavishly providing for the huge massacres of wild beasts that took place at regular intervals in the Coliseum. Glutted by the number and magnitude of these bloody spectacles, the Roman palate continually craved for some fresh excitement to stir its interest. To meet this need, strange and up to that time unheard-of animals were brought with infinite pains from the furthest confines of the great Empire over which the Roman sway extended. Rome was the focus of these strange tributes. Yet notwithstanding these splendid opportunities to the naturalist, no philosopher appears to have turned them to account. No doubt this phenomenon must be ascribed to the ascendancy of the rhetorical arts and the excessive literary disposition of the age, a condition essentially hostile to the inductive sciences, and, in fact, to any science at all. And so the legacy that the Christian Church received from heathen culture was, as it seems to us, in the matter of natural science worse than ignorance. Still, such as it was, the Fathers seized upon it, attempted to discover and develop its spiritual aspects, and succeeded in investing many of its details with symbolical meaning. Thus there has been woven into the literature of the early Church a number of what are sometimes even beautiful allegories which have enriched its texture with a delightful quaintness. These were gathered together with their spiritual interpretations at an early date, and the collection became known by the title of the "Physiologus." The authorship is uncertain, but internal evidence seems to point to Alexandria as its birth-place.

The fondness of this school for the allegorical method of interpretation is well-known, and from the works of Origen it is clear that they applied these principles, not only in the exegesis

of the text of Holy Scripture, but also in the study of the natural sciences whither their gnostic tendencies led them. The myth of the pelican is a good example of this. Of all animals, says the Physiologus, the pelican loves her young the most, and such is the greatness of her love that she kills them in the ardour of her embraces. After three days the male arrives, and finding the young dead, overcome by sorrow, lacerates his breast, and his blood falling on them recalls them to life. "Thus too our Lord," exclaims the pious editor, "whose side was pierced by a lance, poured forth blood and water upon His children, and brought them back from the gates of death."

St. Thomas Aquinas in his magnificent hymn, the *Adoro Te*, changing the metaphor somewhat, applies it to the Eucharist, of which the pelican has become a recognized symbol in Christian art.

Pie Pelicane Jesu, Domine,  
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine:  
Cuius una stilla saluum facere  
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

The vivid imagination of many of the pseudo-naturalists, the great veneration that existed for any recognized authority, and the absence in many ways of the true critical spirit was favourable both to the rise and spread of these fables.

An excellent example of the self-confidence with which various writers defended their own opinion on points concerning which they could neither have observed for themselves, nor obtained trustworthy information, may be found in the description of the phoenix. The Physiologus tells us that "the phoenix is the most beautiful of birds and its colours are those of precious stones." This was a bone of contention, for while Philostratus and Lactantius defend this position and go so far as to describe the radiant hues of its plumage, others of high repute hold the pre-eminence of the peacock. There is even a greater schism when these learned writers come to discuss the length of the period a phoenix can live without renewing its life by fire. Tacitus and Pliny maintain it to be 660 years, Solinus 540 years, while Herodotus, Orsus, St. Aurelius Victor, Ovid, and Albertus agree in putting it at 500 years. As all without exception hold that there is only one phoenix, the divergence of opinion may be explained on the ground that opportunities of observing the phenomenon were somewhat rare. Pliny tells us further that it dwells among the cedars of Lebanon and

that it feeds on air; and in support of this latter statement, which even to him seems a rather indigestible morsel to swallow, on the authority of the "naturalist," he adds as a proof that it must be so, "for no one has seen it feeding on anything else." The logic of this conclusion is not above suspicion.

The early Fathers when casting about with their characteristic fertility of resource to find among Pagan beliefs and reputed phenomena of nature some support for the new doctrines of the Gospel, ingeniously used the regeneration of the phoenix as an argument for the resurrection of man's body. Similarly St. Cyprian and Rufinus use it to prove the virgin birth of our Lord. Yet even though we bear in mind how far our modern critical spirit is removed from the extravagant symbolical tendency of the Alexandrians, it is difficult to imagine how some bits of their exegesis could possibly have been regarded in any but a humorous light. As an example of the lengths their system carried them, the following may be cited: In Job iv. 11 the unusual word (*layish*) meaning a lion, seemed to the Septuagint translators to call for a special rendering.

Now, knowing that on the Arabian coast there was said to be a lion-like creature called a myrmex,<sup>1</sup> they constructed the compound myrmekoleon; so that the Greek text ran: "The myrmekoleon has perished for that he has no nourishment." In course of time all clue to the meaning of this obscurity was lost, and the passage at length afforded a most delightful nut for the exegetical teeth of the Alexandrians to crack.

The question that proposed itself to their minds was this: Why of all animals should the myrmekoleon be so unfortunate as to lack proper food? Aided by their knowledge that myrmex means an ant, they applied their knowledge and concocted the ingenious reply which later became embodied in the "Physiologus." This awe-inspiring authority was asserted to relate about the ant-lion that "his father has the shape of a lion, his mother that of an ant;" and hence the progeny of this ill-assorted couple has the fore-part of a lion and the hinder parts of an ant. Owing to the diversity of foods respectively indulged in by its parents it finds itself in the awkward predicament of being unable to masticate vegetables or to digest flesh and consequently, as the text aptly remarks, it perishes "for that he has no nourishment."

The eagle, too, has certain peculiarities attributed to it that

<sup>1</sup> Strabo, 16 p. 776; Aelian, vii. 47.



do not seem to belong to its degenerate descendants. After a hundred years its beak becomes so bent that it is unable to eat. In order to avoid the miserable fate of the myrmekoleon, it flies on high, and, as it soars in the sun's torrid heat, its beak gradually softens. Quickly descending, it straightens it on a rock and plunges it thrice into the coldest fountains. After this it lives for another hundred years; and hence the Psalmist says: "Thou shalt renew my life as the eagle."

The stag, the happy possessor of three horns and three lives, devotes his time to exploring caves in search of serpents which, when found, he devours. The poison of the serpent must be neutralized by a drink at a spring, and should he fail to obtain this in three hours he dies. If, however, he satiates his thirst his life is prolonged fifty years. Hence the Psalmist's simile of the stag that thirsts for the fountains of living water.

Ingenious as these explanations are, it seems that they did not appeal to the Church at large, since we find the "Physiologus" among the books condemned by Pope Gelasius in 496. Still it continued in high favour, was translated into most European languages and enjoyed a wide circulation as late as the end of the sixteenth century. An amended edition of that date tells us that lions sleep with their eyes wide open, and are thus ever on the alert. Moreover, that their cubs are born dead, but by staring at them fixedly for three days, and then breathing in their faces they are brought back to life.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, the lion when pursued obliterates his foot-prints with his tail, which, if he were only trotting, would seem to be a clever piece of work.

Friend Aelian,<sup>2</sup> however, was originally responsible for this scrap of information.

The "Physiologus" was the progenitor of the many "Bestiaries" that were popular in the Middle Ages, the absurdity of which developed as time went on.

Richard de Fournival, in the *Bestiare d'Amour*, lamented that he was like the wolf who if he allowed a man to see him first lost his courage, or like the cricket who loves chirping so much he forgets to eat, and allows himself to be caught, for he too is overcome by the glamour of his mistress. This good lady he compares to a "cocodrille," whose "property" is such

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Origen, Hom. 19, cap. 49.

<sup>2</sup> LI. I. i. c. 30.

that when it finds a man it devours him, and then laments him all the days of its life.<sup>1</sup>

The Anglo-Saxon Bestiary, on the other hand, kept closer to its prototype, and viewed things in a somewhat more religious light. For instance, it warns its readers of the awful wickedness of the whale which, having permitted sailors who mistake him for an island to build a fire on his back, in the height of their fancied security, dives suddenly beneath the waters—a sample of what we may expect from the devil.

Elephants, we are also told, lean against trees to take their rest; these trees the natives cunningly saw through and replace, so that the unsuspecting animal falls, and being unable to rise, is easily caught—an apt emblem of our father Adam, who also trusted in a tree. Fragments of this Bestiary are to be found in the *Codex Exoniensis*, edited by Thorpe, London, 1842.

It is, moreover, also reported that the blood of an elephant is the coldest blood in the world, and that “dragons, in the scorching heat of summer, can get nothing to cool them but this blood.”

Another example of this class of work is the *Contes Moralisés*, of Nicoli Bozona, a friar who lived in England in the first half of the fourteenth century. It contains quaint comparisons between the properties of animals, plants, and minerals, and the sinful inclinations of man.

It is not surprising to note that the religious tone disappeared as time went on, but that the climax of extravagance should have been reached in the Elizabethan age was hardly to have been expected. Yet from the works of Lyly and his contemporaries it is evident that at the very time when the new inductive spirit was beginning to leaven the corrupted mass of philosophy, the majority of men were most ready to put their faith in the fantastic tales of the pseudo-natural histories. Whatever had been the amount of critical power possessed in the centuries that went before seemed in this age either to have vanished or to have been concentrated into the heritage of the few. Lyly cannot describe the simplest incident without overburdening his narrative with multitudes of similes from the imaginary virtues of toads, serpents, unicorns, dragons, scorpions, and the various monsters treated of by Pliny and the bestiaries. In order to ascertain what were the current beliefs of well-informed men of the time about animals, we have

<sup>1</sup> *Le Bestiare d'Amour*. Edit. Hippeau. Paris, 1840.

only to open the two folio volumes, penned with the greatest care by the diligent Topsall, concerning *Four-footed Beastes and Serpents*.

But the days of the "Physiologus" as a revered authority were numbered. Observation replaced imagination as the groundwork of science, and the once venerated bestiaries were relegated to the realm where dwell exploded myths and the *idola fori*.

THOMAS A. NEWSOME.

*Notes on the Art of Decorative Church Needlework as practised in England from the Conquest to the Reformation.*

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PART I.

AFTER the Conquest, as before it, the art of decorative church needlework was one of the most widely, successfully, and sumptuously practised branches of art in England. It was one of the chief and most favourite occupations of ladies of rank and wealth; as well as of those who had consecrated themselves to God in Religion.<sup>1</sup> It was practised, too, of course, as a means of livelihood by women, and even by men as well, who were held in great esteem, as was befitting artists to whom a long period of training, and much skill and refinement were essential. About the middle of the sixteenth century it practically ceased to exist. Most praiseworthy efforts have been made, however, since the early thirties of last century, to revive it. It seems highly improbable that the art will ever regain its ancient position.

The object of these "Notes" is to give some idea of the manner in which the art was practised in England from the Conquest to the Reformation. A selection from information gathered from various sources will be made, and given here, with little enlargement; as it will speak sufficiently well for itself. Some short descriptions made, for the most part, from personal observation of a few extant examples will, also, be given.

As a further introduction, it would be a good thing to notice what is an important testimony to the place English decorative needlework had in the art-world of Mediæval Europe. It belongs to the thirteenth century (1246), but it is only one out of many similar ones, of earlier and later periods, that might be cited, and taken as an example of all the rest. Pope Innocent IV.,

<sup>1</sup> Even monks were, sometimes, skilled in it.

Matthew Paris tells us,<sup>1</sup> was greatly struck by the beauty and richness of the needlework on the vestments of some English ecclesiastics who happened to be on an embassy at his Court. His Holiness asked the bystanders where the work had been wrought. When told "in England," he, there and then, ordered letters to be despatched to most of the Cistercian abbots there, "commending himself to their prayers," and commanding them to send him, without delay, a large number of pieces of embroidery to decorate his copes and chasubles. "As if," Matthew of Paris quaintly adds, "such things did not cost anything." The chronicler adds, further, that some of the London merchants, at any rate, were not displeased; for, of course, the Pope's command meant some very valuable orders for them.

Among a number of presents given in the year 1114 to Rochester Monastery, were, we read:<sup>2</sup> a chasuble embroidered with a "tree of gold," a cope adorned with little silver bells, and an 'alb, elaborately worked and studded with precious gems. Little silver and gold bells, it may be here noted, were a not uncommon decorative feature in early vestments, Continental as well as English.

In an inventory<sup>3</sup> of the treasures of the Royal and Collegiate Church in Windsor Castle, made in the reign of Richard II., are mentioned a large and complete set of vestments (cope, chasuble, two tunics, &c.) of red velvet, embroidered all over with various figures of saints, and decorated with pearls; a complete set embroidered with eagles in gold; another set of cloth of gold, on which the chief decorative forms were stars and eagles; a cope decorated with figures of stags standing under trees; a cope of satin, decorated with golden trees (given by a certain Nicolas Sarnesfield); a cope of black velvet on which were worked a number of ragged staves in silver (the armorial device of the Earls of Warwick, by one of whom the vestment was given); and among a number of altar-cloths was one of red satin, upon which were worked figures of the Blessed Trinity in glory, and of the four Evangelists.

<sup>1</sup> *Chron. Maj.* iv. 546, 547 (Rolls Series, 1877); Hartshorne, in *Funeral Monuments* (Camb. 1840), in a footnote to p. 50, draws attention to this tale, referring to Matthew Paris, earlier edition.

<sup>2</sup> Dugdale, *Monasticon*, i. 157 (Bohn, 1846).

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* vol. vi. pt. 3, pp. 1363, 1364, *passim*.

In mediæval wills we find much important information with regard to the material and design of examples of the art. Extracts from four of these will be made here.<sup>1</sup>

The first is from the will, dated 1403, of the great William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. Among other princely bequests, we find :

. . . to my Church of Winchester, my new vestment of blue, striped and embroidered with lions of gold ; with thirty copes of the same cloth, embroidered with the history of Jesse in gold. . . .

The second is from the will, dated November 22nd, 1503, of Katharine, Lady Hastings. In this will are a large number of interesting legacies of church needlework, among them being :

. . . to myne especial good Lord, George Earl of Shrewsbury, a cope of cloth of gold of white damascene,<sup>2</sup> with orphreys cloth of gold, and velvet upon velvet. Item : a vestment of purpure velvet, with a crucifix and images of SS. Peter and Paul, embroidered. . . . Item : I bequeath to my Lady of Shrewsbury a cope of gold with lilies embroidered and that one with the image of the Trinity. . . . Also, two hangings for an altar with twelve Apostles embroidered with gold, with a crucifix and the salutacion of our Ladye. . . .

The third is from the will of Walter, Lord Hungerford, dated July 1st, 1449 :

I, therefore, bequeath unto the said Prior and monks, one whole suit of vestments, with all things appertaining thereto, for a Priest, Deacon, and Subdeacon, likewise a cope of black and red velvet, embroidered like waves, two copes of damask with gold of the same colour and work, to be used by the said Prior and monks on the day of my obit, to the honour of God and my parents, and I desire that in the said vestments, for greater notice, my arms be wrought. . . .

The fourth is from the will of "Thebaude Evyas of Feversham, widow," dated 12th April, 1478 :

To the aforesaid monastery (St. Saviour in Feversham) my great cloth of tapestry-work to do worship to God in their presbyterarye, and on the sepulchre next the high altar there on high days ; to the Abbot and convent of the monasterie of Feversham, my vestments of green velvet embroidered with . . . otes, all that appertaineth to the said vestment . . . to the intent that they shall serve only in my chapel and that there be embroydered in the said vestment *Orate pro anima Theobaulde Evyas*. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Found respectively in Nicoiias' *Testamenta Vetusta* (Edit, 1826), ii. 768 ; and ditto, ii. 452, 453 ; i. 258 ; i. 348, 349.

<sup>2</sup> A rich silk fabric in which were woven elaborate designs, sometimes of various colours.



In a large number of other published wills, we find similar interesting bequests of vestments of similar richness and elaborateness of design.

In the inventories made by the agents of Henry VIII. at the Dissolution of the Monasteries, we find much information of value. In the inventory made at this period of the art treasures of Winchester Cathedral,<sup>1</sup> we find a large number of magnificent vestments, among them being :

One cope of needlework wrought with gold and pearls; twenty copes of red bawdekyne<sup>2</sup> wrought with cornes;<sup>3</sup> twenty-nine copes of blue silk, woven with rays of gold.

The inventory<sup>4</sup> of the vestments at Lincoln Cathedral is particularly interesting and valuable, because of its length and comparative fulness of detail. The vestments found in this magnificent Cathedral were indeed worthy of its great name. One can, obviously, only give here extracts relating to a very few of the many hundred vestments mentioned. From what is given relating to a few, the reader will be able to get some idea of the rest. It would be perhaps the best thing to quote straight from the inventory, giving as much of it as space will allow.

Item, two red copes, of which one is red velvet, set with harts lying (down), in colours, (and) full of these letters "S.S.," with pendants silver and gilt; and the other is of crimson velvet of precious cloth of gold with images in the orphrey set with divers pearls having the coronation of our Lady in the hood. . . . Item, a red cope of red velvet broidered with archangels and stars of gold having in the hood an image of the Crucifixion. . . . Item, a red cope of red velvet broidered with archangels and stars of gold having in the morse a Bishop sitting with his staff. . . . Item, a red cope broidered with kings and prophets with divers scriptures, having orphreys with divers arms and two angels in the hood, incensing. . . . Item, a cope of cloth of gold of bawdekin of blew colour, with feathers of peacocks and ostriges of white silk, with chains and loosing like a net, with a good orphrey of images and tabernacles with orphreys about the border set with moons and stars. . . . Item, a chesable of red velvet with Katharine wheels of gold. . . . Item, a red cope called "the Root of Jesse," of red velvet broidered with images of gold, set with roses of pearls, with a precious orphrey. . . . A chesable of white cloth, broidered

<sup>1</sup> Dugdale, i. 202 (Bohn, 1846).

<sup>2</sup> A rich fabric, made of warp of gold thread and woof of silk thread.

<sup>3</sup> Ears of corn. <sup>4</sup> Dugdale, vi. pp. 1281, 1282, and 1283, *passim*.

with images and angels of gold, with costly orphreys of gold, having the Trinitie in the back, the Holy Ghost being of pearl . . . and also divers pearls in the images. . . . A chesable of purple velvet with harts of gold, with a good orphrey with pearls and stones behind and before. . . . Item, a cope of the same suit broidered with harts of gold, having a good orphrey set with swans, roses and lambs of pearl, having the image of our Lord with a cross in His hand, and of St. Bartholomew. . . . Item, a chesable of white cloth of gold broidered with white roses and red, having costly orphrey, and, in the middle of the cross, an image of our Lady; on the left, three Kings; on the right, three shepherds and one angel with this scripture—*Gloria in excelsis*.

In the same edition of Dugdale,<sup>1</sup> we find an entry under date January 8th, 1535, which it would not be out of place to relate here. On that date, we read, Katherine, once wife of Henry VIII., died at Kimbolton, in the county of Huntingdon, and was interred in the Abbey of Peterborough. Her hearse was covered with a magnificent black velvet pall, "crossed" with cloth of silver. This pall was placed on the unfortunate Queen's tomb; though it was afterwards changed for one "of meaner value," which had Katherine's Spanish armorial bearings worked on it. And: "Even that was taken away in the year 1643." Lord Herbert of Cherbury is, further, quoted as the authority for the statement that it was "for the honour of her memory" that the King "reserved" the Abbey of Peterborough, after he had confiscated all the others, and afterwards made it into an episcopal see.

In the inventory taken by Henry's agents on November 30th, 1539, at the same abbey, we find some more information of value. After giving an account of the very large and rich collection of church plate, the writer of the inventory gives an account of the collection of church embroidery there. Besides other articles, we read<sup>2</sup> of twelve altar-cloths richly embroidered, among them being two of purple velvet, embroidered with eagles and *fleur-de-lis*, two of bawdkin, on which were embroidered leopards and stars, and two of cloth of silver. We read, too, of nearly forty complete sets of vestments, including albs to match; among them being one set of purple velvet, embroidered with flowers of different kinds, as well as angelic forms; one red set, covered with ragged staves, with three albs of green bawdkin, and one of crimson velvet, covered with many kinds of flowers. Besides these, are mentioned 100 separate

<sup>1</sup> i. 364.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 365.

cope, among which were seven of blue bawdkin, covered with stags, and thirteen of blue silk "called 'the Georges ;'" besides a large number of separate and complete sets for the side chapels of the abbey, among them being one complete set of vestments made of crimson velvet, on the orphreys of which were worked different figures in gold.

These examples of embroidery are similar to the other ones mentioned in the innumerable inventories made at the same period in other cathedrals and churches. In all, we find similar costliness of material and similar variety and religiousness of design ; and from these and other inventories we find that not only were copes, chasubles, albs, stoles, maniples, and funeral-palls, but that also curtains, antependia, sanctuary cushions, banners, the smaller carpets, were usually made and decorated in a similar manner. Even in the inventories of the small churches, we find mentioned quite large collections of rich and elaborate needlework. As Welby Pugin says in his enthusiastic way :<sup>1</sup>

Every parochial church previous to the change of religion was furnished with complete sets of frontals and hangings for the altars. What, then, must have been the overpowering splendour and glory of the cathedral and abbatial churches when decorated for great festivals ; the canopies, the needlework hangings, the monumental palls covered with heraldic devices, the altar-cloths, and, above all, the suits of sacred vestments, when our bishops celebrated with the whole choir filled with clergy, chasubles and dalmatics, all of most costly material and exquisite detail. . . .

Though a large number of vestments and other embroidered articles were stolen, sold, and pulled to pieces for the sake of their precious material, at the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII., yet, at the beginning of the reign of Edward VI. a very large number were still in existence and in a good state of preservation. It was later on in that King's reign that the great and complete destruction of this beautiful art may be said to have really taken place. For we read in Strype's *Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer*,<sup>2</sup> that at the coronation of Edward VI. :

<sup>1</sup> *Dublin Review*, Feb. 1842, pp. 105, 106.

<sup>2</sup> London, 1853. Edited by P. Barnes, i. p. 203. Pugin (*Dublin Review*, May, 1841, p. 124) gives the same account in his own words, referring to another edition of this work.

The high altar was richly garnished with divers and costly jewels and ornaments of much estimation and value. And also the tombs on each side the high altar richly hanged with fine gold arras.

The procession of the ecclesiastical dignitaries is thus described :

At 9 of the clock, all Westminster choir was in their copes and three goodly crosses before them ; and after them other three goodly rich crosses, and the King's chapel with his children, following all in scarlet, with surplices and copes on their backs.\* And after them ten bishops in scarlet with their rochets, and rich copes on their backs, and their mitres on their heads, did set forth at the west door . . . and my lord of Canterbury (Cranmer) with his cross before him and his mitre on his head. . . .

It was about the year 1550 that the great destruction of the art may be said to have really taken place, with the command of the Council that the altars, all over the country, be pulled down and destroyed, and that plain tables be placed in their stead.<sup>1</sup> The destruction of the sacred embroidery necessarily followed. The confiscators pretended zeal against "superstition," but it was soon clear that not religious zeal but rapacity was their chief motive. As Bishop Milner<sup>2</sup> says :

Some specious arguments were made use of to disguise this measure, but the real ground of it was soon visible, when the visitors, under pretence of removing the altars, carried away every valuable belonging to them, and stripped all the churches . . . of all gold and silver, plate, jewels, and of their valuable embroidery, leaving only one chalice to each church, with a cloth or covering for the communion-table.

And as Heylin says in his *History of the Reformation* :<sup>3</sup>

The main engine of this time for advancing money was the speeding of a commission into all parts of the realm, under pretence of selling such of the lands and goods, &c., which remained yet unsold ; but, in plain truth, to seize upon all hangings, altar-cloths, fronts, parafronts, copes of all sorts, with all manner of plate, . . . which was to be found in any cathedral or parochial church.

Heylin then gives, *in extenso*, the official instructions of the commissioners, which, in places, are quite (unconsciously)

<sup>1</sup> Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. v. p. 419 (Edit. London, 1840) ; Strype's *Memorials of Cranmer*, i. 328, 329. (*Ibid.* Edit.)

<sup>2</sup> *History of Winchester*, vol. i. p. 263. (Third Edit. undated.)

<sup>3</sup> London, 1674. Third Edit. p. 132.

humorous, where, for instance, the dishonest conduct of "certain private men," who were only doing what the Government itself was doing, is solemnly and severely taken to task, and where the commissioners are, with equal solemnity, cautioned to exercise "moderation" in their work, of destruction and spoliation. People sometimes wonder how it is that so comparatively few specimens of mediæval embroidery are preserved to our own days. Heylin,<sup>1</sup> I think, explains this quite satisfactorily by the following. He says (as a result of all this wholesale embezzlement and consequent buying and selling of church property), "many private men's parlours were hung with altar-cloths, their tables and beds covered with copes instead of carpets and coverlids;" and he adds, "many made carousing-cups of the sacred chalices." He goes on to say that:

It was sorry house, and not worth the naming which had not somewhat of this furniture in it, though it were only a fair large cushion made of a cope, or an altar-cloth to adorn their windows. . . . Yet, how contemptible were these trappings in comparison of those vast sums of money, which were made of jewels, plate, and cloth of tyssue, either conveyed beyond the seas or sold at home.

No wonder, indeed, that art and beauty and reverence, once the daily companions of the people, died in England in the middle of the sixteenth century.

V. W. MAGRATH.

*(To be continued.)*

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 134.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

### **Rationalism and Reason.**

As we have remarked upon other occasions, several of the popular exponents of rationalistic philosophy deserve attention not because of any merit to be discovered in their writings, but, on the contrary, as exhibiting their total lack of those qualities which should be required before they come forward as public instructors.

Of Mr. Joseph M'Cabe's vindication of his great master, Haeckel, we have already seen sundry specimens, but there are plenty more for the entertainment of those who care to study the eccentricities of logic, and amongst them is one which touches a point of great importance in connection with scientific argument.

In the exposition of his system of materialistic, or "monistic," Evolution, Professor Haeckel finds the ultimate factor to which the whole process is due in what he calls the "Law of Substance," under which title he combines two scientific principles, namely, the indestructibility of matter, and the conservation of energy. This he describes as "nature's supreme law," the sovereignty of which is universal, which "dominates" everything, in the organic as well as the inorganic world, and which claims to be considered "the universal law of Evolution." It has in consequence been pointed out, with perfect truth, that Haeckel, like many others of his school, treats such a "Law" as though it were a principle or power working in Nature, by which her operations are to be explained. But to assign to the term any such signification is altogether erroneous and unscientific, for a "Law of Nature," as we are assured on the best authority, means no more than expectation of certain results in certain circumstances, based upon experience in the past. "When the scientist," says Professor Dewar, "speaks of 'a law of nature' he simply indicates a sequence of events, which, so far as his experience goes, is invariable, and which therefore enables him to predict." Professor Huxley inveighs strongly in more than one passage against such misuse of terms as Haeckel's. A frequent fallacy he declares, "is the use of the word 'law' as if it denoted a thing—as if a 'law of nature,' as science understands it, were a being endowed with certain powers, in virtue of which the phenomena expressed by that law are brought about. . . . All I wish to



remark is that such a conception of the nature of 'laws' has nothing to do with modern science."

Against the charge thus brought Mr. M'Cabe undertakes to vindicate his scientific chief. Acknowledging in the first place that a "law" *is* simply "a summing up of experience," and that no potency can be attributed to it, he then urges this curious plea:

But the "law," or mode of operation, of an agency is so closely connected in our minds with the agency itself that we frequently substitute the one for the other.

Precisely so: that is just what is wrong. The constant misunderstanding and misuse of the term of which we complain in regard of the operations of nature, is due to the fact that, being called by the same name, "laws of nature" are too easily assumed to be of the same character as human laws, from which in truth they differ utterly. For a human law is *not* a mere observed sequence of events, but a piece of machinery intelligently devised for the attainment of a certain end, and provided with forces to secure it. As if to provide the best illustration of this truth, Mr. M'Cabe proceeds to bring an example which shall clinch the argument in his favour. "Does any one," he asks, "quarrel with us for saying that 'the law' compels us to pay taxes, and so forth?" Whence he seems to argue that it is unscientific to find fault with Haeckel for saying that Evolution is worked by the "Law of Substance." But what has this, or the like of this, to do with the laws which make us pay our taxes, namely, Acts of Parliament which take practical shape in the tax-gatherer, with policemen and magistrates behind him? When we anticipate that people in general will pay their share during the next twelve months, it is not merely because they have done so in past years, but because we know what will make them do it. This is just what science does not know in regard of the laws of nature. She can observe what happens,—that, for instance, when a candle is burnt its constituents are not annihilated, but transformed in new combinations, as water, and carbonic acid gas,—or that when a hammer strikes an anvil, its motion is transfigured into heat,—but how such "laws" were instituted, or how they are enforced, is quite another question, of which she knows nothing. Therefore to speak of facts as though they furnished their own cause,—which is what Haeckel and others constantly do,—is unmeaning and unscientific, and that it is so no illustration can more clearly show than that so artlessly adduced by Mr. M'Cabe.

## Reviews.

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### I.—THE BALKANS FROM WITHIN.<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH it is generally known that the race-conflicts which are continually breaking out in the Balkan Peninsula are fraught with danger to the peace of Europe, and that this danger is particularly threatening at the present moment, the minds of most of us are in a state of confusion as to the true character of the races thus at variance, the causes of their disputes, and the extent to which any one or other of them deserves our sympathy or reprobation. No one loves the Turks, or at all events, the administrative classes among them, and when from time to time we hear of shocking massacres inflicted by Turks upon Christian villages, our feelings of humanity are outraged, and we claim that all other political considerations should give place to the duty of protecting the sufferers. On the other hand some of us ask in regard to these reported massacres whether we have got the true story from the newspaper correspondents, whose propensity to exaggerate, and even to invent, is becoming more and more generally realized; whether too, even if the Turks be guilty, the "balance of criminality" does not perhaps lie rather against the insurgents for provoking the Turks into these excesses, with the deliberate intention of making political capital out of them when perpetrated.

Mr. Reginald Wyon, the author of *The Balkans from Within*, has travelled much through the Balkan Peninsula during the last few years, and having been brought into close personal intercourse with men of all the races inhabiting it (except perhaps the Serbs), he is in a position to give us valuable information on the state of affairs. He is, indeed, himself a newspaper correspondent, which may cause some to

<sup>1</sup> *The Balkans from Within*. By Reginald Wyon. London: James Finch and Co.

suspect his accounts, still, not all newspaper correspondents are of the sensational kind, and Mr. Wyon is one who inspires confidence from the moderation with which he states his facts, and the judicial spirit in which he weighs them.

In the Preface and the first two chapters he discusses the prospects of the near future. Macedonia is the present focus of dissension. Its population though mainly Slavonic is much mixed, and the different elements are hostile to one another. The Greeks and Bulgarians are the principal rivals in the endeavour to obtain the predominating influence, whilst the Albanians, the modern representatives of the ancient population of Illyria, press in from the West, and the Turks through their method of attempting to restore order by massacring the inhabitants of unoffending villages, are driving the native population into exile. As the effect of this is to send those of Slavonic race into Bulgaria, the Bulgarians are bent upon obtaining an autonomy for Macedonia. The Powers have, we know, insisted on certain "reforms" in the method of Turkish administration, but this insistence, thinks Mr. Wyon, has only increased the danger of the imbroglio which the Powers are anxious to ward off. The Turks themselves are by no means so patient as is supposed under the humiliations to which their race is ever being subjected by the intervention of the great Powers. Indeed, their patience is almost exhausted now, and Mr. Wyon quotes a Pasha who said to him, "How long does Europe think we shall be her slave—how long, how long?" He repeated the question a dozen times, and then continued: "We must leave Europe, but where are we to go," and "when we depart we shall go out on a wave of blood"—an assertion which becomes most significant when we bear in mind that the Sultan (if his subjects give him an ultimatum to that effect) "has but to lift his finger to send every Christian in his Empire to destruction." The Bulgarians, too, openly deride the prescribed reforms as of no use whatever, and, as we have said, mean to take up arms at the first opportunity. He thinks that they will do so this very summer, but is certain they would rise at once, were Russia to suffer any considerable reverse in the Far East, for the Bulgarians chafe under Russian domination, and would lose no opportunity of casting it off. Moreover, if Bulgaria takes the lead, the other Balkan races will join in, not out of any love for one another, but to profit by the game of grab. Above all the Albanians, the most unquiet race of

all, would join in, and here Mr. Wyon finds the most anxious of all the Balkan problems.

This is how he describes the present situation, at least in its leading features, for there are other details which we must pass over. What, then, of the people thus on the verge of a more decisive conflict than those of recent years? It is this question to which Mr. Wyon's answer will be of most interest, for he gives a vivid and instructive description of their natural characteristics. The Turks he represents as all that they are popularly supposed to be—lazy, dirty, cruel, and fanatical—but in one respect he disputes the current impression, for he believes the Turkish army to be thoroughly rotten and incapable. That they are good in holding defensive positions he allows, but otherwise they display real cowardice and are especially scared off by any suspicions of dynamite. Moreover, they are dirty and undisciplined, and their officers are no longer what they once were, but are thoroughly incompetent. He gives many stories to illustrate these points, and concludes by doubting if they will prove able to offer effective resistance to the Bulgarians, who are improving every year in their quality as a fighting power, and are led by remarkably clever generals. And if their military virtues promise success to the Bulgarians, Mr. Wyon also represents them as in other respects worthy of it. Of the Balkan races generally (to the inclusion even of the Albanians, though to the exclusion of the Greeks, for whom he has only contempt) he has a favourable opinion. "The peasant of the Balkans," he says, "be he Albanian or Serb, Montenegrin or Bulgar, is hospitality personified, and his full-blown energy is a pure delight to those who are weary of the Western detrimental. We are apt to judge these people harshly at times, and condemn them for actions of which they in their lonely homes know little or nothing. A sojourn in their midst is a revelation. For my part I love the Balkan people, and so I have tried in these pages to show them in their habit as they live, believing that the readers' comprehension of Balkan problems will be materially increased if he can be made to feel at home among the inhabitants of these remote and turbulent countries." Still among them all it is the Bulgarians who are most deserving of sympathy. "The Servians," he says, "whom I know least about do not inspire confidence," though he believes that "the heart of the Servians, people and army alike, was not in the foul murder of last June." Still he is sure that a crime like that would be

impossible in Bulgaria. And the Bulgarian is also hardworking and progressive. Put him on a waste plot of ground and he will convert it into a garden of roses, while the Montenegrin will merely look on. He is an observer, too, of the manners and instincts of Western civilization, and is anxious to conform himself to the same type; and if he is still prone to underestimate the sacredness of human life, he is even in that respect far in advance of the Turks, and much in advance of the other Christian races near him.

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2.—LIVES OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.<sup>1</sup>

There is no need to expatiate here on the need which we have all felt of *Lives of the English Martyrs*, which should in some way correspond with our pride in their heroism, our admiration of their virtues, and our confidence in their patronage. This book, when finished, bids fair to satisfy these desires. The interesting story, which is told by the Editor in his able and scholarly Introduction, lets us see at a glance why it has taken so long to satisfy the want. The late Father Keogh of the London Oratory, it seems, attempted to meet the demand some sixteen years ago, but his death and that of Father R. Stanton, threw the work back. It was however never laid aside, one writer after another contributing something to its progress, and now it comes to us as the work of three Oratorian Fathers (of Father H. S. Bowden, besides the two last mentioned), of a Professor at Ushaw (Father George Phillips), and of two Jesuits (Fathers J. Morris and J. H. Pollen), the whole being completed (no light task) and edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., who, moreover, acknowledges the assistance of the advice given by the late Father Bridgett. In itself this is surely a happy augury for the possibilities of future co-operation between the necessarily scattered members of our Catholic body.

As a piece of scholarly history this work does its Editor very great credit. He has aimed at presenting us with a standard work, and we feel sure that it will long be in the hands not only of ordinary readers, but also of our preachers, writers,

<sup>1</sup> *Lives of the English Martyrs beatified by Pope Leo XIII.* Vol. I. Martyrs under King Henry VIII. Written by Fathers of the London Oratory, of the Secular Clergy, and of the Society of Jesus. Completed and edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. London: Burns and Oates. 7s. 6d. net. (Quarterly Series.)

and students. The narratives are sane, clear, and interesting, and one sees everywhere sure but unobtrusive signs of no inconsiderable amount of research, *i.e.*, full references, careful lists and appreciations of authors, and unfailing recourse to first-hand authorities. Yet those who are in quest of interesting biography, or of that more intimate knowledge of Christ's dispensation, which can so well be acquired by considering the lives of His heroic followers, will here find plenty to satisfy their tastes.

The Editor's object has naturally been to curtail the lives which are already well known, and to expand those of whom little had yet been written. Thus, one hardly knew anything about the three Catholic Doctors—Abel, Powell, and Fetherston—except their names and dates, whereas now we have quite a considerable number of their deeds and personal traits, enough to enable us to form a definite idea of their respective characters and individualities. Even in the cases of the better known Martyrs, fresh evidence has been brought forward. For instance, we have the confessions of Abbot John Beche (whom Dom Bede Camm prefers to call Thomas Marshall) which was discovered after Abbot Gasquet's volumes on the Suppression of the Monasteries were written. The discussion of this rather compromising evidence does great credit to the Editor's fair-mindedness and judgment.

A book so suggestive and so full of matter, will naturally also offer points on which judgments may differ. Some may find Sir Adrian Fortescue's account-books uninspiring; some may think the tone of the paper on the Benedictine Abbots a little too enthusiastic, and there is a little over-lapping in the different lives. But such defects are indeed trifling when compared with the great good services which Dom Bede Camm and his fellow-workers have rendered us. We await his second volume with avidity, and trust that the plans of yet further publications, to which he alludes in his introduction, may be carried to their conclusion as felicitously as they have been begun.



3.—HISTOIRE DE LA THÉOLOGIE POSITIVE.<sup>1</sup>

The Theological Professors of the *Institut Catholique* of Paris have undertaken a work which, if the execution should correspond with the conception, will be truly monumental. It is a series of volumes on Positive Theology, by thoroughly competent writers, the number of volumes to amount probably to about sixty. Of this projected series the first instalment, a volume by the Abbé Turmel, on the History of Positive Theology up to the Council of Trent, has just appeared, and is now before us, containing interleaved a general prospectus of the whole series.

A word or two first on this prospectus. It is the work of theology (1) to establish the truth of the Christian doctrines by reference to the channels through which the original revelation has been preserved, and (2) to investigate the contents and inter-relations of the doctrines thus established, and deduce from them the ulterior conclusions to which they stand as premisses. Of these processes the first is called Positive Theology, the second Scholastic Theology. Moreover, in both these departments one can proceed either by way of simple exposition, as is done, for instance, by St. Thomas in his *Summa*, or historically, that is by tracing historically the stages through which the theologians of earlier generations led up by their labours to the fulness of conception which characterizes the later treatises of the type of the *Summa*. It is this Historical Theology which the professors of the *Institut Catholique* propose to take in hand, and they are justified in assuming, as they do in their prospectus, that the undertaking is one which promises to fill up a real gap in our theological literature. The way in which in the usual text-books quotations are made from Fathers and other ecclesiastical writers, whether as testimonies on behalf of Catholic doctrines or as objections against them, cannot be called satisfactory, involving as it necessarily does the separation of the portions cited from the *situs* in which the author quoted gives them, and so rendering their true meaning liable to be misrepresented. This is, indeed, a deficiency inevitable

<sup>1</sup> *Bibliothèque de Théologie Positive.* Publiée sous la direction des Professeurs de Théologie à l'Institut Catholique de Paris: *Histoire de la Théologie Positive*, depuis l'origine jusqu'au Concile de Trente. Par Joseph Turmel, Prêtre du diocèse de Rennes. Paris: Librairie Delhomme et Briguet.

in a speculative treatise, which cannot go far afield in its quotations, but it shows the need of a companion series of books, reliable and accessible, in which the theological writings of the Fathers and other early writers are examined in their entirety, and in relation to the ideas current in their own age. Only thus can the isolated expressions which may seem to bear on later controversies be viewed in their true perspective, and be saved from the unlawful use to which they are sometimes put. Only thus too—and this is a still more important consideration—can the true course of doctrinal development, and hence the true continuity between the past and present of Catholic belief be rightly gauged. The directions to their contributors in the prospectus before us show that the projectors of this new Library of Historical Theology take a sound view of the lines on which they should work. Three classes of studies are to be included, studies of the theology of those who count as masters in the science, studies of theological movements, studies of the history of particular questions—for instance, studies of the theology of St. Paul, of St. Irenæus, of St. Cyprian, of St. Athanasius, of St. Augustine, of St. Anselm, &c.; of the theological movement, from St. Anselm to St. Thomas, from the fourteenth century to the Reformation, including the Thomistic, Scotist, Nominalist tendencies, of the controversialists from Luther to the Council of Trent, and of the Post-Tridentine controversialists such as Bellarmine, Stapleton, St. Francis of Sales, of the Jansenist and Molinist controversies, of the development of Positive Theology in the hands of Morin, Petau, and Thomassin; and of the history of particular dogmas such as Penance and Confession, the Immaculate Conception, Grace, &c. In dealing with their matter the contributors are not to waste too much time on pure history, but to direct their principal attention to the theology of the writer, and to set forth what is personal in him, what borrowed from others, what circumstances moulded his thoughts, what impress he has left on his own or later ages; they are warned, too, to see that their work is strictly scientific and objective, not reading into the past what is not to be found there, and yet, on the other hand, not omitting to observe the light which, as the structure of the matured plant explains the structure of the germ, the more developed thought of subsequent periods can cast at times on the meaning which earlier thinkers, with more or less steadiness of gaze, were straining to express.

It should be added that, whilst hoping to complete their series in some twelve or fifteen years, the projectors announce volumes on St. Paul, Tertullian, St. Anselm, St. Augustine, and Alexander of Hales, to appear within the next twelve months. The average price of a separate volume is to be about four francs.

M. Turmel's *Histoire de Théologie Positive* is not referred to in the prospectus, and was perhaps, therefore, not originally written for the series. Still it is in its place as the first contribution to this series, for it is of the nature of a general introduction, embracing as it does the whole Christian period up to the Council of Trent, and preparing the way for another volume by the Abbé Bainvel which is to continue the subject up to the present time. In the arrangement of his matter, M. Turmel found himself confronted with a difficulty which he discusses in an introductory chapter. Should he proceed by short stages, as from the beginning to the time of St. Irenæus, from thence to the rise of the Arian controversy, to the Council of Chalcedon, and so on, noting the advance made step by step in the establishment of the principal dogmas within these limits; or should he be content with a broad line of division such as that marked by the reign of Charlemagne, and trace for each dogma the course of its positive theology from end to end of the long periods thus bounded? He has chosen the latter alternative, on the ground that it is more conducive to exactness and precision. In this he seems to us to have chosen wisely, but perhaps not as wisely in so sharply distinguishing and separating the proofs from Scripture and tradition—for these interlace very much in the use made of them by ancient authors, and to leave them so widely separated is to lose the force which accrues from the interlacing. We think also, for the same reason, that M. Turmel would have done well to be less rigid in his exclusion of the history of the dogmas—that is, of the course of theological speculation regarding their contents, as distinguished from the history of the proofs employed to establish them. It is true that in some cases he is more liberal in admitting this element, but in others, for instance in the sections on the Holy Eucharist, his treatment is too jejune for the want of it. Again, it would have been helpful to have a little more criticism of the arguments used by the writers on the opposite sides, for instance, in the sections on the Worship of Images, where it would have been possible, without reading modern ideas into ancient writings, to indicate

how far the theologians of whom Alcuin was a type, were fundamentally at variance with the Second Council of Nicæa and Pope Adrian II.; or were only at cross purposes through taking the same terms in different senses. Another criticism is that for some of the subjects, such as Purgatory and Eschatology, the sections might have been fuller. Still, if we dissent on these few points, we can cordially recommend M. Turmel's book, which is a solid contribution to its subject, and will be found what it is intended to be, a useful introduction to the further study which the later volumes will assist.

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#### 4.—FATHER DENIFLE'S LUTHER AND LUTHERANISM.<sup>1</sup>

Few books of our time have produced so tremendous a sensation in Germany as the uncompromising attack upon the founder of Protestantism which has recently been delivered by the famous Dominican scholar, Father Heinrich Denifle. The protests which it has evoked upon the Protestant side have been loud and angry beyond measure, while even among Catholics there has been a tendency in certain quarters to regard the book as unnecessarily plain-spoken. For any one who is not a native of the country, and is not familiar with the complications of its political and religious life, it is difficult perhaps to form an opinion either upon the question of expediency or upon that of good taste. But in any case we strongly recommend those who may hear the book condemned upon either of these grounds to suspend their judgment until they have had the opportunity of reading for themselves Father Denifle's illuminating Preface, and further of examining the Introduction which he has prefixed to the pamphlet also included in our notice, a *brochure* of 90 pages published in reply to his critics. It seems to us that the head and front of the Dominican scholar's offending is the fact that, being as eminent an historian as he is, he cannot be conveniently ignored. Almost any other writer

<sup>1</sup> *Luther und Lutherthum in der ersten Entwicklung quellenmässig dargestellt.* Von P. Heinrich Denifle, O.P. Erster Band. Mainz: F. Kirchheim, 1904. Illustrated. 900 pp. Price 10 marks.

*Luther in rationalistischer und Christlicher Beleuchtung, Principielle Auseinandersetzung mit A. Harnack und R. Seeberg,* von P. H. Denifle, O.P. Same publishers. 1904.

might have spoken in language equally trenchant, and the non-Catholic German press would have made his ill-mannered plainness of phrase an excuse for passing the work by, or at best, for treating it as a mere exhibition of Catholic bigotry. But Father Denifle has been so often commended by journals of every shade of opinion, as an honest and patient investigator of extraordinary industry, possessing an unrivalled knowledge of the subjects of which he treats, that it is difficult to assume the rôle of silent contempt with any appearance of consistency. Accordingly there has been a great outcry, and Father Denifle has been denounced and "answered." In Bavaria the great Protestant Society, the "Evangelische Bund," have printed 100,000 copies of an indignant appeal to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. In Berlin Professor Adolf Harnack has attacked Father Denifle with a warmth of language in no whit inferior to his own, and Professor Seeberg, from a different point of view and with equal violence, has also come to the rescue of the Lutheran cause. At a moment when the Dominican scholar is being so fiercely assailed, and when he is being accused not only of scurrility but also of gross ignorance and religious bias, it may be interesting to recall the tribute paid to the same scholar in 1895 by the Anglican Professor Rashdall, who has been a University preacher at both Oxford and Cambridge, and who as a student of mediæval pedagogics has himself won general commendation for the soundness and sobriety of his views.

The English Universities [says Mr. Rashdall] form the only part of the subject in which Father Denifle has left scope for much originality to his successors, so far at least as the all important question of "origines" is concerned. On details I have sometimes ventured to differ from him. But as he has been severely criticized and unjustly disparaged by several writers on the same subject, I feel it a duty to give expression to the admiration which a careful comparison of his book (*Die Entstehung der Universitäten des Mittelalters*) with the authorities upon which it is based has filled me, not merely for the immensity of his learning and for the thoroughness of his work, but for the general soundness of his conclusions. In particular I think it right to add that though Father Denifle is a Dominican and Under-Archivist of the Holy See, I have hardly ever discovered any ground for the insinuation of an ultramontane bias.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Universities of Europe and the Middle Ages*. By Hastings Rashdall, M.A., i. p. xi.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that a scholar of this calibre can have suddenly been transformed into an ignorant and unprincipled controversialist. If Father Denifle has denounced Luther and the principles of which he made himself the exponent with a warmth and severity of language now somewhat out of fashion, we must surely incline to the belief that he has not done so rashly and without good cause. The nine hundred pages in which the teaching of the Reformer is discussed are not filled with vapourings and vague generalities. For almost every statement exact references are given, and most commonly the actual words of Luther or his sympathizers are quoted.

That Father Denifle may here and there have made a slip is only natural in a work of such vast extent, embracing an enormous mass of material. But his critics have not really ventured to touch the pith of his argument, and even in minor and subsidiary details their criticism has been most often ineffective. Judged, as the Dominican scholar has judged him here, from the incontrovertible evidence of his own writings, Luther is shown to be little better than a violent and unscrupulous reactionary; a strong and able leader it may be, but a man who was grossly ignorant of many things he professed to know, a man full of his own conceit, and upon whom the animal and hysterical side of human nature always exercised a powerful influence. There have been few religious teachers since the world began in whom less of the Christ-like can be discovered than Martin Luther.

We shall await with the greatest interest the appearance of the second part of Father Denifle's vast and epoch-making study. It will be more immediately concerned with the historical aspect of his subject, and in this, as we can all readily understand, Father Denifle will find himself most thoroughly at home.

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#### 5.—RELIGION AND SCIENCE.<sup>1</sup>

The object of this little book is one which must command hearty sympathy. Its author is already known as possessing not only an extensive acquaintance with modern Science, but also

<sup>1</sup> *Religion and Science: Some Suggestions for the Study of the Relations between them.* By P. N. Waggett, M.A., of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. (Handbooks for the Clergy.) London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1904.



—which is more rare—a competent faculty of thinking, which enables him to discern the true significance of facts, and to distinguish between actual and alleged conclusions to be legitimately drawn therefrom. He sets himself in these pages to impress upon his brethren of the Anglican clergy sundry much-needed cautions. On the one hand he is afraid that some are too prone to panic, and to yield too much to the assumptions of writers and speakers who claim to represent the teachings of modern research, while they have too little grasp of what is essential to their own position; who, in fact, “under colour of lightening the ship, would cheerfully heave the passengers overboard.” Others, on the contrary, are apt to discuss scientific questions without any true knowledge of what they are talking about, whereas “the pastoral use of scientific topics should be founded upon a moderately laborious research. There are few things so perilous as knowledge lightly won; and this is particularly evident when Science in Sport is made Sermons in Earnest.”

As a remedy for such evils he proceeds to suggest many considerations and lines of thought which may serve to direct the inquirer in the right path, and prevent him from being misled by false issues. Here, however, we can hardly think that he is as successful as might have been anticipated or could be wished. No doubt, for readers as well-informed and acute as himself, much that he says will be extremely valuable, but in view of the rather promiscuous manner in which he tumbles out before them the contents of his well-stored mind, and especially of the allusive and figurative character of the style constantly employed, we greatly fear that comparatively few will be able to draw much profit from his suggestions, and that many will rather be mystified and bewildered. But a few typical specimens will serve to show how far such a fear is well founded:

The idealist critique cannot by itself meet our case, the case of Religion both popular and learned in difficulties with modern thought; and its insufficiency is apparent in two ways. It is insufficient practically because not all men, or even all Christians, are philosophers; and if it is urged, as it ought to be urged, that without any technical knowledge a man may yet possess implicitly all that desire to examine his own thoughts which is the substance of true philosophy; yet even so, and allowing for the great army of unconscious Berkeleys, there is also the great army of rather less unconscious Humes. It is precisely these to whom the disproof of Religion from phenomena appeals.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 34.

It is even urged that the remarkable woman who is said to lead so many in America and England to real gains of health and present happiness, was herself the originator of the doctrine of the ultimate and sole reality of mind. It is quite true that this movement, like others of our day, is a fresh reaction provoked and produced by the materialism which lately oppressed our generation. But it will be confusing for the history of thought, and even for the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, if it continues to be believed that Mrs. Eddy anticipated Bishop Berkeley. This may even lead to a reversal in thought of those centuries which, though they are unreal in a very high degree, nevertheless should remain as a self-consistent part of the furniture of the philosophic and every other mind.<sup>1</sup>

Grasp this main idea of the Bible. Understand the immense debt which Monism owes to it, and therefore in Monism any possibility of a relation between science and metaphysics, and you have a measure of the true and large importance of that religious view of the world which we have received. It is the one tolerant and open-eyed idealism. It is at the same time the one door for an uncrippled science, a science not hampered at every step by collision with the moral intuitions of mankind.<sup>2</sup>

No doubt in all such extracts, the like of which occur on every page, there are grains of gold to be discovered, but their extraction seems to require machinery considerably superior to that of which most persons can dispose.

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#### 6.—THE LETTERS OF LORD ACTON.<sup>3</sup>

There are many excellent things in Lord Acton's Letters to Mrs. Drew, and amongst them some passages that were no doubt worth preserving, but we must confess to a distinct sense of disappointment in the book as a whole. A one-sided correspondence—especially when our memory of the men and events referred to has been dimmed by the lapse of twenty years—is not in itself an attractive form of literature. It requires some very conspicuous excellence either of manner or matter to justify separate publication. Here we are not conscious of the presence of either—or at best only intermittently. In point of form Lord Acton's style, if passable, was rarely remarkable for brilliancy. But in the letters before

<sup>1</sup> P. 72.      <sup>2</sup> P. 110.

<sup>3</sup> *The Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew), with an Introductory Memoir by Herbert Paul.* London: George Allen, 1904.

us, what with aggravating omissions, and blanks, and mysterious initials, the style hardly has a fair chance. Nor will many readers have the patience to puzzle out the meaning of disconnected paragraphs which, though ultimately intelligible in themselves, and readily intelligible no doubt in their original context, will now only yield their full significance on a second or third perusal. Again, the topics discussed are not for the most part those in which Lord Acton was an acknowledged master. A distinguished sculptor's views of Italian opera, or an eminent statesman's preferences in architecture, may or may not be intrinsically valuable, but we should prefer to have his impressions about those matters of which he was specially competent to speak. It is not the historian we find here, but the diplomatist, the politician, or the liberal Catholic chronicling his impressions, or sometimes merely letting off steam, in the sympathetic ears of a lady friend. That Lord Acton was inclined to think Mr. Gladstone the greatest character in history must naturally be gratifying to the members of Mr. Gladstone's own family, but we are not sure that the abundant proof which is furnished of this mental attitude increases our respect for the writer's judgment or does credit to his head so much as to his heart.

What certainly has not increased our respect for Lord Acton, either as an historian or as a man, is the extraordinary violence of his utterances about Ultramontaniam. It is the fierce, irresponsible, unmeasured language of a partisan who has thoroughly lost his temper, and who presumes on the fact that he is addressing a confidant neither able nor disposed to challenge his statements. We are not saying that Lord Acton had no excuse for feeling sore with certain Ultramontanes, but it is plain that the iron had eaten into his soul more deeply than we had supposed. In these confidential communications he throws sobriety to the winds; and it requires an effort on the reader's part to remind himself that in spite of all that is said, it was Lord Acton's free choice still to remain in communion with the Roman Church. One cannot help feeling that the writer must have sought compensation for the sacrifice which this entailed by indulging in the luxury of abusing his opponents. There is an extravagance in his estimate of their theological attitude which is almost worthy of the *Evangelische Bund*. In the prefatory note to the volume we are told that Lord Acton, with certain reservations, assented to the idea of

publishing this correspondence. What these reservations were is not explained, but we find it difficult to believe that the late Professor of History could have seriously contemplated the printing of such passages as are found on pp. 127 and 131 of the book before us. After all, Lord Acton was generally careful not to connect himself, at any rate by name, with risky utterances which could easily be refuted. The precise share which he had taken in the *Letters of Quirinus* was never avowed by him. Both he and Döllinger found it convenient to leave themselves a loophole when making positive statements about matters of fact which might compromise their reputation as students of history. For that reason we find it hard to believe that Lord Acton would have wished to identify himself, even posthumously, with estimates of the moral attitude of his opponents far more fierce and denunciatory than anything to be found in the published *Moralstreitigkeiten* of his friends Döllinger and Reusch. Needless to say, that for these estimates no facts or references are given, either by Lord Acton or by his editor.

Let us add one final word in commendation of the excellent index. We notice that in one case the index even corrects a misprint (in the name of M. Boutmy), which is still retained in the text.

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#### 7.—MEDIÆVAL POLITICAL THEORY IN THE WEST.<sup>1</sup>

This is a carefully mapped out study on a most interesting subject. The author, in conjunction with his brother, R. W. Carlyle, C.I.E., has undertaken to trace (from the second century onwards) the historical connection between the "active and profound political thought of Plato and Aristotle and the energetic political speculation of modern times." The present volume brings us down to the end of the ninth century, *i.e.*, the beginning of the scholastic period which witnessed more definite attempts to reduce to unity the elements of political theory found scattered in the literature of earlier times.

After an Introduction (Part I.) dealing with the views of Cicero and Seneca, as contrasted with those of Aristotle, on the equality of human nature, and the foundations of law and social organization, the Roman lawyers, from the second to the

<sup>1</sup> *A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West.* Vol I. *The Second Century to the Ninth.* By A. J. Carlyle, M.A. London and Edinburgh Blackwood and Sons, 1903. 15s.

sixth centuries, are brought up for examination. Their evidence, arranged under four heads, *viz.*, "The Law of Nature" (c. iii.), "Slavery and Property" (c. iv.), "Civil Law" (c. v.), and "The Source of Political Authority" (c. vi.), is adduced as indicative of the "general character of political thought in the Empire apart from Christian influence." In a final chapter Part II. is brought to an appropriate close with an investigation, in the light of the Institutes of Justinian, of the permanent results of Roman Jurisprudence.

Part III. is devoted to the Fathers of the Church from the second to the eighth century. It opens with a chapter entitled "The Political Theory of the New Testament," the object being to prepare the way for an estimate of "the effects of Christianity in changing men's conceptions with regard to the character, the purpose, and the ruling principles of human society." Chapters ix.—xiv. give us the views of the Fathers as to "Natural Law," "Natural Equality and Slavery," "Natural Equality and Government," "The Theory of Property," "The Sacredness of Authority," "The Dependence of Authority on Justice." And in chapter xv. we are told what was the prevailing teaching as to the relation of Church and State under the new conditions resulting from the conversion of the Empire.

The ninth century has Part IV. entirely to itself. And from the evidence supplied by it the author attempts a summary of the conclusions he wishes to have accepted by the reader. While admitting that certain great and important political conceptions had been apprehended and forcibly developed, there had been, he thinks, no attempt to construct, no pretension to possess, any definite system of political thought. The points on which a prevalent sense of certainty had been reached were these three, *viz.*, the essential equality of men, the sacredness of authority, and the control of all exercise of authority by regard for the common good.

We have been content to speak of the work as "a carefully planned study." About the results obtained it is necessary to distinguish. In purely historical questions, *e.g.*, when the effect of the "Donation of Constantine" on the thought of the ninth century as to the relations of Church and State is to be estimated, the author is at his best. But his qualifications as an historian do not avail to make him a safe guide in the analysis and criticism of such evidence as, for the most part, he is compelled to deal with. For this part of his task an expert

knowledge of scholastic philosophy, or at least of the Aristotelian ethics, is required. It is to the lack of this, if we are not mistaken, that we owe the constantly recurring divergences and contradictions ascribed to the authorities who are quoted in the footnotes. A more thorough acquaintance with later developments of Christian "political theory" would have suggested that these contradictions and divergences are, almost invariably, only different partial aspects or, even, no more than relatively different expressions of one and the same truth.

If space permitted, abundant justification might, we think, be adduced in support of this contention. But our point can be made quite clear by a single, because by no means insignificant, instance. In chapter iii. our author shows that he has misconceived the true inwardness of the tripartite division of Right (*jus*) into *jus naturale*, *jus gentium* and *jus civile*. These are not opposed to each other in the way he conceives. Indeed, the first two are so connected that the question of their distinction is irrelevant, and in no way touches the theory of Natural Law. There is a generic, as well as a specific use of the term *jus naturale*. Generically, it is opposed to Positive Law, and includes the *jus gentium*, the latter being nothing more than the dictate of reason as applied in the *accidental*, but actually universal, conditions of mankind. As specifically distinguished from the *jus gentium*, it must be defined to be the dictate of reason as applied only in the *essential* conditions of human society as such. There is use for the distinction for the purpose of speculative analysis; but for that very reason its use can be no indication of belief that there ever was, or could be, a time when only the essential conditions were realized. Of course, the accidental conditions did not arise everywhere at the same time. Simple conditions of society preceded the more complex, according to the Spencerian formula of evolution. But the change of conditions only extended the application of the law of nature; it could not alter it in itself. It could, however, and no doubt did, furnish the occasion for abstracting from *all* the accidental conditions, and forming a concept of natural law as applicable to men as men. This of itself is enough to account for the theory of a "law behind the universal law of all nations." And if so, it is superfluous to seek for, and somewhat unfortunate to claim to have found another cause, in the supposed judgment of sundry Roman lawyers and Fathers



of the Church, that "some at least of the institutions which were . . . reckoned to belong to the *jus gentium* could not be looked upon as, properly speaking, primitive or natural in the full sense of the word." When it is remembered that among these institutions are numbered not slavery only, but property and coercive government, such authorities might fairly be deemed incapable of suggesting doubts as to their natural rightfulness.

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8.—CANON CARTER OF CLEWER.<sup>1</sup>

The volume before us is the simple record of a blameless life devoted to good works, illumined by a more than common personal piety and strength of faith. The stimulus of pioneer work and the privilege of suffering for it a measure of distrust and misunderstanding were Canon Carter's not unenviable fortune. To him, perhaps more than to any other, more even than to Pusey, was due the rise and spread of the Anglican Sisterhoods.

He was never touched by the sting of the doubts that wrought so many momentous changes in the forties and succeeding decades. Not a narrow-minded man, he seemed to have a certain narrowness of vision, and was prone to misunderstand, not merely disagree with, those holding other positions. He never seemed to be as patient of Rome's "shortcomings" and "deviations" as Pusey sometimes showed himself: had too keen a scent for Mariolatry, and lacked one instinct of the *anima naturaliter Catholica*. Yet he could be tender towards deviations on his own side of the wall. He came to one of his churches and saw the font used to store the hats of the male portion of his congregation. By zealous pleading he established an advanced sacramental teaching; but in its context the episode stood certainly for a symbol of a notable deviation. Never really an extremist, he tried conscientiously to steer a difficult course between paths tried out by instinctive conviction on the one hand and concrete authority on the other. He was puzzled by the breadths and heights attained in later days into which he survived, a well-loved old man, retired from the stress of the world's controversies and activities, among his beloved Sisters at Clewer.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life and Letters of Thomas Thelusson Carter*. Edited by Ven. W. H. Hutchings, M.A. London: Longmans.

The value of the present biography would have been increased, we think, by compression, and a more discerning editing of the letters. The tedious and the trivial are not altogether eliminated.

Perhaps, as written by a friend for friends, it does not seek to pass the exacting standard of a less indulgent public. This seems a pity, as Canon Carter—"T. T. C."—was one of the noteworthy, if not heroic, figures of a period unusually interesting.

We can see the necessity for certain reticences in view of the sensibilities of survivors, but not for such impenetrable disguises as "G——, author of *Lux Mundi*!" And we hardly know if "the great bishop" would immediately bring to mind Bishop Wilberforce.

The book is well made, and the illustrations attractive and pertinent.

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#### 9.—THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS.

*The Little Flower of Jesus* is the autobiographical memoir of a young Carmelite nun who died in her convent at Lisieux, only eight years ago, at the age of twenty-five. She was the youngest daughter of a M. Martin, a retired jeweller of Alençon. M. Martin and his wife seem to have been perfect patterns of what good Christian parents should be, indeed to have aspired to a spiritual height ordinarily inaccessible even to good Christian parents—for their great desire was to give all their children to God, the boys as priests, the girls as nuns. In regard to four of their children God accepted their desire otherwise, for he took them to Himself in infancy. But the five girls all became nuns, four of them entering the Carmelite convent at Lisieux. All seem to have been very dear children, absolutely innocent, unselfish, affectionate, and pious, but Thérèse, the youngest, was the choice flower of the family. By dint of the persistency with which she pleaded her cause with her father (for her mother died when she was an infant), her uncle, the nuns and ecclesiastics concerned, and even Leo XIII. himself, she got leave to take the veil when only fifteen. Hers was a real vocation, for she entered with her whole heart into the life of Carmel, nor was it wonderful that a child of so sweet and loving a disposition should have

<sup>1</sup> *The Little Flower of Jesus*, being the autobiography of Sister Thérèse of the Child Jesus. Translated from the French *Histoire d'une âme*, by Michael Henry Oziwicki. London: Burns and Oates.

become a cherished member of the Community. What confidence they all had in her is witnessed by their selecting her to take charge of the novices, when she was as yet not much more than twenty years of age. When she was twenty-two her lungs began to give way, and during the last three years of her life she was a great sufferer. The memoir here published was written at the bidding of her Superior not very long before she died. It is not a narrative to submit to criticism, but it is a charming revelation of an inner life in which one does not know which to admire most, the girl's absolute other-worldliness, her complete absorption in the love of Christ combined with the tenderest affection for all who surrounded her on earth, her heroism under interior and exterior trials, or the artless simplicity with which she tells her tale.

If a little flower could speak [she says], I fancy it would tell us simply, and without concealment all that God has done for it. And it would not call itself ugly, scentless, sun-scorched and weather-beaten, if that were not the case: such humility would be false. The little flower that now tells its tale rejoices in our Lord's absolutely undeserved favours: it had nothing worthy to attract His eyes: all is due to His mercy. He made it grow in a sanctified soil, fragrant with purity, where eight spotless lilies had sprung up before it. He lovingly preserved it from the world's wicked breath; and as soon as the bud was opening He transplanted it into the Virgin's chosen garden upon Mount Carmel.

It is thus she introduces herself, not to us, for she had no idea that her words would be published, but to the Superior who asked for this edifying record, and to whom in obedience she rendered it.

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### Literary Record.

#### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

SENSIBLE young women, married and unmarried, will find many things worth reading and thinking about in *The School of the Heart*, by Margaret Fletcher (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1904. 109 pp. 2s. 6d.). It exhibits an aspect of the world, and woman's place in it, which it is important they should see and realize. The writer's aim is to direct attention to the main lines along which Nature is wont to work in the evolution of those qualities which constitute the crown and perfection of

womanhood. A right understanding of these is a woman's best safeguard against mistakes which but too often make havoc of the happiness of life.

From St. Anselm's Society, 108, Great Russell Street, we have received *Poems and Verses for Children*, by C. Clare Meyer. The *Tiny Tots*, and *Bigger Tots* for whom they are written should be satisfied. But one of the former will have to observe the stars a little more carefully if she is to become an astronomer royal. She says :

I have seen you shooting past  
One another in your games ;  
And you go so very fast  
I should like to know your names.

It is hard to see what particular advantage there is in giving the form of a catechism to *The Parish Priest on Duty* (New York : Benziger Bros., 1904. 143 pp. 2s. 6d.). It is an expanded Smaller Ritual for the administration of the Sacraments, and other things needed for the parish priest's daily work among his flock. Paper and print are both satisfying.

The signature "Philip" subscribed to the *Letters from the Beloved City* (London : Longmans, Green and Co, 1904, 134 pp. 3s. 6d.) is superfluous as an indication of the source of their inspiration. The Roman Saint who bore the name, loved England and the English dearly for the sake of the Queen to whom they were given for a Dowry. And these letters, evidently from one of his sons, are full of St. Philip's spirit of zealous gentleness. They are addressed to an individual, one of the "separated brethren," yet a dear friend, of whose goodness the writer is fully assured. Hence their distinguishing characteristic and effectiveness as a special *Apologia pro Religione Catholica*. In Philip's opinion, "it is not always perplexities of doctrine, it is seldom the spirit of heresy" that keeps men like his friend, S. B., outside the communion of the Church. "You are separated from us," he writes, "and remain so, often because *we* do not understand you and make sufficient allowance for your difficulties." And again : "Some of the Household of the Faith seem to be a little hard and exacting when considering the case of those outside the Church. We desire that they should come to the knowledge of the truth, but the cordiality of this our desire is hardly demonstrated with enough kindness." The publishers have caught the spirit of the author and have striven to make the book attractive without as it is within.

The St. Louis branch of Herder and Co., the publishing firm of Freiburg im Breisgau, has issued a *Handy Manual of Pontifical Ceremonies*, by P. Francis Mershman, O.S.B. The compiler follows Martinucci as far as decrees of a later date allow. Masters of Ceremonies will find use for it as an aid to memory, while others who only assist at Pontifical functions will be helped to follow their sometimes bewildering course with ease and intelligence.

Father F. J. Sullivan, S.J., has provided a readable translation of Freddi's *Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate*, from the same press (Herder, Freiburg im Breisgau, and St. Louis, Mo.) The sub-title, "Considerations gathered from the works of the Angelic Doctor St. Thomas Aquinas," is sufficient indication of the character of the contents. The chapters on the "Knowledge of Christ's Soul" are especially worth study in the present day, as showing what follows from the principle that, in view of the purpose of the Incarnation, Christ's Soul must have been ideally perfect, and therefore possessed in a supereminent degree from the beginning of all the purely spiritual excellencies which, through Him, were to become possible to men. We cannot afford to throw over the Scholastic Theology for the scientific criticism of Sacred History.

All will welcome the second volume of the *Opera Omnia* of Thomas à Kempis (Herder, Frisburgi Brisgavorum, 1904), edited by Michael Joseph Pohl. It contains *The Imitation* and nine other shorter treatises. The ordinary reader will at once notice the inversion of the usual order of the third and fourth books of the *Imitation*. We reserve a more special notice for our next issue.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1904, II.)  
 Scientific Method and Primitive Christian History. *S. von Dunin-Borkowski*. The Hierarchical System in the Shepherd of Hermas. *E. Dorsch*. The External Form and Construction of the Epistle of St. James. *H. C. Cladder*. The Frescoes of the Catacombs. *L. Fonck*. Reviews, &c.

## REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1904, II.)

- The Christology of St. Augustine and his relation to Neo Platonism. *C. Van Crombrughe*. Pelagius and Fastidius. *G. Morin, O.S.B.* Predestination in the Fifth and Sixth Centuries. *M. Jacquin, O.P.* Reviews, &c.

## REVUE BIBLIQUE. (1904, April.)

- The Pontifical Commission for Biblical Studies. The Gospel of the Twelve Apostles. *E. Revillout*. The Religion of the Persians. *P. Lagrange*. The Birth of Emmanuel as foretold in Prophecy. *M.A. Van Hoonacker*. The Crypt of St. Anne at Jerusalem. *P. H. Vincent*. Reviews, &c.

## REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1904, II.)

- The Ancestors of St. Gregory the Great. *Dom I. Schuster*. A Prayer attributed to St. Augustine. *Dom G. Morin*. The Auxiliary Bishops of Cambrai. *Dom U. Berlière*. The Collaborators of St. Hildegarde. *Dom H. Herwegen*. Reviews, &c.

## LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (April 2 to April 16, 1904.)

- The Christianity of the Gospel and that of M. Loisy. General Lahoz (1799). The History of Abyssinia in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The Italian Emigrants in New York. A Saintly Piedmontese Priest (T. Leonardo Murialdo). The "Parvis" of the old Vatican Basilica. Reviews, &c.

## ÉTUDES. (April 20, 1904.)

- St. Gregory the Great and the Lombard Wars. *J. Doizé*. René Bazin. *C. de la Porte*. Unpublished Letters of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. *M. Dubruel*. Canvassing that is permitted and Canvassing that is prohibited. *J. Lefauré*. Taine in his Correspondence. *L. Roure*. Catholic Interests in the East. *A. Valmy*. Reviews, &c.

## L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (April 15, 1904.)

- M. Gaston Boissier and Roman Culture. *Abbé Delfour*. Poetry Unpolluted. *H. Morice*. The Triple Alliance. *Count J. Grabinski*. Baylen and Napoleon's Policy. *R. de Séze*. Reviews, &c.

## LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (April, 1904.)

- The Second Empire. *Ch. Woeste*. Molière's Minor Characters. *H. Davignon*. The White and Yellow Races in Conflict. *P. de Decker*. Bulgaria and Macedonia.



